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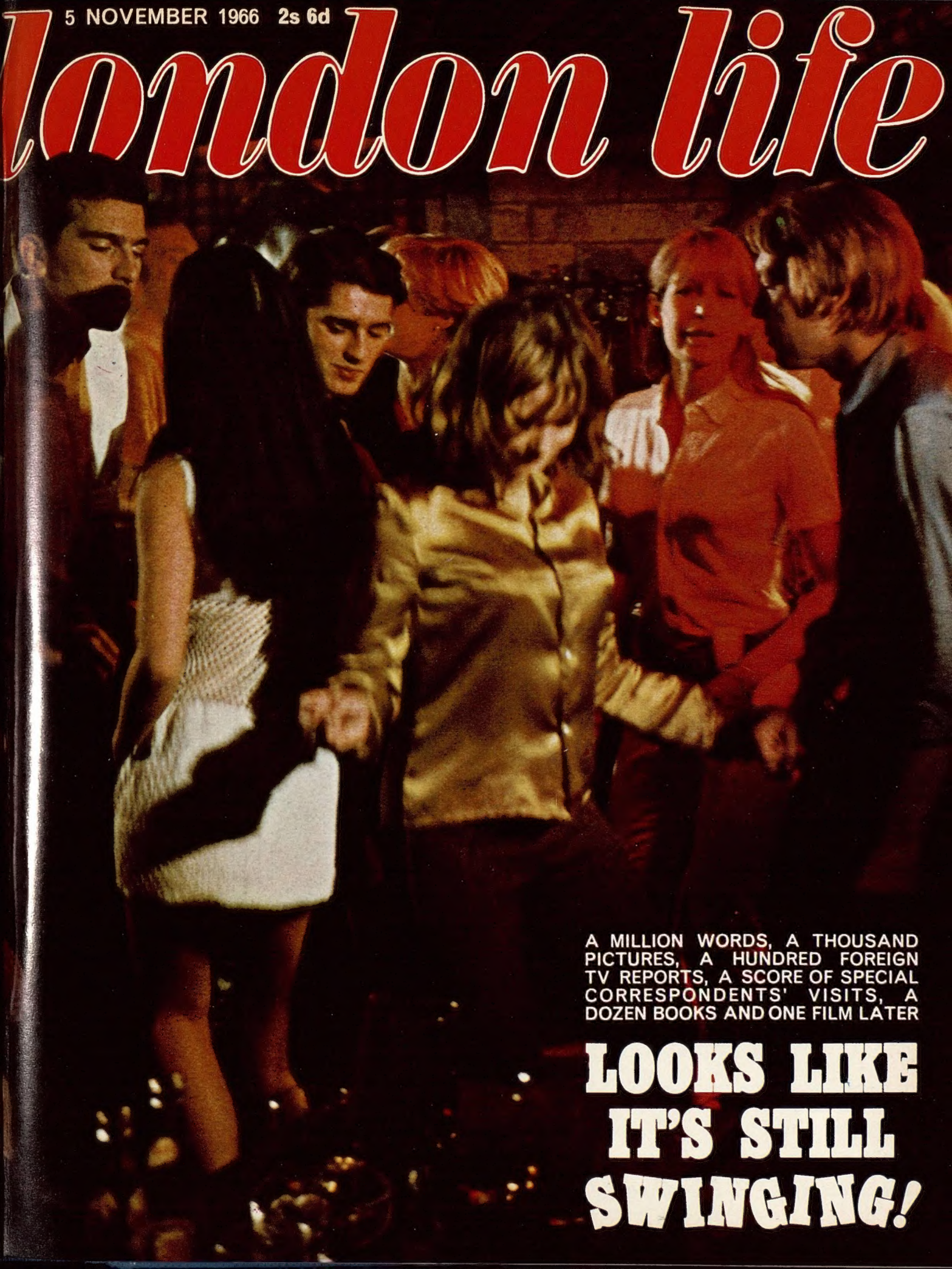
london life



A MILLION WORDS, A THOUSAND PICTURES, A HUNDRED FOREIGN TV REPORTS, A SCORE OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS' VISITS, A DOZEN BOOKS AND ONE FILM LATER

LOOKS LIKE IT'S STILL SWINGING!

Gaze into the strange pale hues of J & B and repeat slowly:

Pure *malt* whiskies are colourless.
J & B Rare is not quite colourless.
It is only pale. Very pale.
It contains *more* of these highland malts.
And it is lighter.
Yet it has a heart of oak, a taste smooth as satin.
Now . . . you are enlightened.
Try it and you will be *aware.*

LONDON LIFE

Editor Ian Howard. **Deputy Editor** David Campbell. **Copy Editor** Roger Baker.
Production Editor Patrick Brangwyn. **Information Editor** David Quinlan.
Fashion Editor Sarah Drummond. **Diary Editor** Jeremy Harrison.

INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Just how long can a pendulum swing for, we are asking ourselves? London it seems is still swinging, according to some observers, who are in fact making a film about it all. . . . We observe the observers and report on their findings. Bonfire night happens this weekend; let's hope that dogs and children are kept under control . . . we provide a warning about what has happened in previous years. David Frost manages to keep himself in the news and juggles three radio and television programmes weekly. . . . We discover some new things about him.

There is a great variety of music available this week, ranging from Bartok in the V and A to the cimbalom in St James's Square. Locations vary interestingly, too; the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra gives one of its Sunday concerts in the Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage, when Harold Farberman will make his London début.

Rake's Progress

There are two revivals at Sadler's Wells – *The Rake's Progress* by Stravinsky on Tuesday and, contrast in style and temperament – Saint-Saens' *Samson and Delilah*, which always brings the house down, on Wednesday. At the Arts Theatre Club, the Israel Company of Mime and Song begins a season on Monday. On Thursday *Way Out in Piccadilly* opens at the Prince of Wales Theatre, featuring the potentially devastating combination of Frankie Howerd and Cilla Black. *The General's Tea Party* comes to the Cochrane Theatre on Tuesday.

Peacock Dinner

There are new works on view by Ivor Abrahams, Michael Chilton and Michael Sandle at the Grabowski Gallery; the Peacock Dinner-Dance at Quaglino's on Tuesday; the Barrow Poets presenting one of their poetry-in-a-pub sessions at the Printer's Devil, Fetter Lane, on Thursday; on Friday Sotheby's are having a sale of vintage and veteran cars (including Rudyard Kipling's Rolls-Royce) at Earls Court; and Christie's are auctioning watches and mathematical instruments on Tuesday. Sir Stanley Rous opens the YMCA Fair at Chelsea Town Hall at 11 am on Tuesday.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

After all the plaudits and publicity the time has come to take a new look at Swinging London. The people who are doing it are an enterprising trio of young film-makers, who have explored a dolly's day in detail. Page 24

David Frost, since TW3 the first name in satire, is still one of the busiest men in Britain. With his relentless industry has come a new mellowness – but he remains a man of riddles. A fresh assessment of his fascinating character – Page 26

Marion Foster designed this Christmas card specially for the Royal National Institute for the Deaf. For information on where to get it, and many other of the cards that help charities at Christmastime, turn to page 44

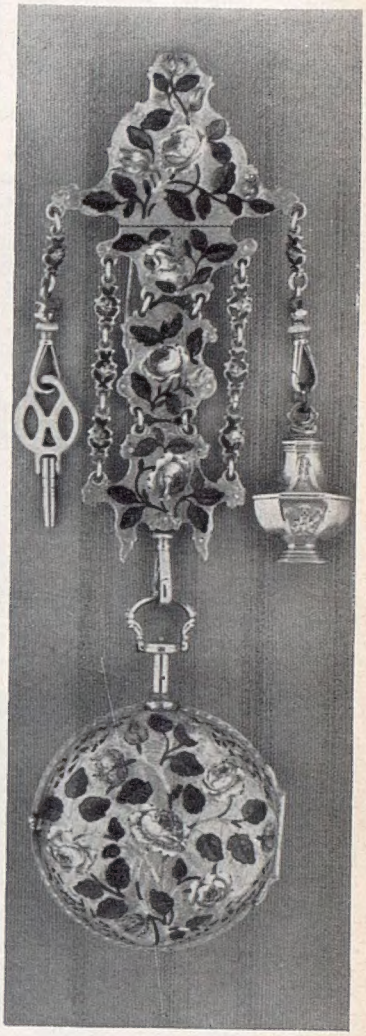
	page
Inside London Life . . . Royal Polo Sticks For Sale	4
Background . . . Facts Behind The News	6
Arrivals In London . . . Personalities In Town	8
The Week . . . A Camera Eye On The Party Scene	9
David Wynne-Morgan . . . Secret Talks In The Film World	10
Baron de Rothschild . . . On Wine And Life	12
Chevaliers . . . For International Goodwill	14
Dancing And Hot Chestnuts . . . For The Ad-Men	16
When The Fireworks Go Bang . . . And Their Accident Toll	17
Glamour Of The Watch . . . What To Buy	18
Dolly Girls . . . Their Effect on London's Image	24
David Frost . . . Breafast-time With A Satirist	26
The Angela Ince Column . . . Not Keeping On Time	28
His Place . . . Introducing A Men's Fashion Service	35
Sarah Drummond . . . Arabic Influence In Today's Fashion	37
People And Their Clothes . . . Lace Tablecloth Into Dress	38
Mrs Mark Brocklehurst . . . One Woman's Wardrobe	39
Beautique . . . Three Lovely Ideas For The Week	40
Hawaii For You Two . . . *London Life's* Cool Competition	42
One Way To Top An Egg . . . And More New Things	43
Christmas Is Coming . . . Cards That Will Help Others	44
For The Wedding Album . . . Brides Of The Week	47
Getting To The Point . . . Your Letters	62

Theatre	**Page 48**	**Books**	**Page 55**
Films	**Page 50**	**Good Eating**	**Page 56**
Music	**Page 52**	**Night Out**	**Page 57**
Galleries	**Page 54**	**Property**	**Page 58**

To help you order London Life every week - see page 62

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN MARY
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

Wartski



AN ATTRACTIVE
MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
ENGRAVED
CHÂTELAINE
AND WATCH
ENAMELLED WITH
ROSES AND FOLIAGE
EN BASSE TAILLE
Movement signed by Wm. Deards
London, circa 1748
Length: 6¾ inches

**138 REGENT ST.
LONDON W1.**

INSIDE LONDON LIFE

PRINCE PHILIP has given one of his polo sticks to be auctioned at a Royal Garden Hotel Banquet on 15 November in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

The bright idea of asking Prince Philip for the polo stick came from Tim Connor, compere at the Blue Angel, who is running the auction at the banquet.

"We were discussing the items for auctioning," he said, "and I was saying that we should auction things that people didn't know the value of. I thought Prince Philip must have a lot of polo sticks: after all, he's a keen player. I'm a tennis player and I've got lots of old tennis rackets knocking about the place."

What does he expect to get for the stick "Oh. I don't know at all. Five shillings . . . £50 . . . £100 . . . who knows?"

The ancient vine in the garden of Thomas Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, is suddenly showing signs of life again. Some experts thought it was dead.

"It was great fun," said Lady Astor. One hundred and eighty people gathered at the Skinners' Hall on 25 October for an auction organised by Lady Astor and the

Lifeline International Rescue Committee, and conducted by Mr Peter Wilson of Sotheby's. There were 56 lots of furs and 60 lots of wine. Among the bidders and buyers were Lady Harding, the Hon Mary Montgomery, Sir Francis and Lady Perkins, Julian Ridsdale, MP, and the Dowager Marchioness of Reading. Some of the furs fetched up to £700, but the star piece, a pale palomino mink, was not sold.

Property man Sefton Myers and stage designer Sean Kenny are planning a first venture into theatre management to bid for the lease of the Winter Garden Theatre in Drury Lane, which will be completely built in two years' time. Both are heavily concerned in the construction due to start in December. Myers is chairman of the property company concerned, Rodwell, London and Provincial, and Kenny is the architect. If they bid for the lease some time next year they may well be joined by two prominent stage personalities. "I cannot name the two at the moment," says Sefton Myers, "because nothing is definitely decided yet."

Nicholas Monsarrat is coming from Canada for the publication of his autobiography, *Life is a Four Letter Word*. **Sir Alec Guinness** has a part in the film of Graham Greene's *The Comedians*. **King Gustav of Sweden** is in London on private business. **Lord Kinross** brings out his book *A Portrait of Egypt* on 10 November. **Lady Hulton,** director of Hulton's, is in America on business. **Leslie O'Brien,** Governor of the Bank of England, flew to Paris for lunch at the Banque de France. **Una Wright** is writing the life of her uncle Frank Richards, creator of Billy Bunter. **Dudley Moore** hates doing cabaret – "it scares me stiff." French composer **Pierre Boulez** has left London to conduct Wozzek in Frankfurt. **Nancy Sinatra** and **Eddie Albert** are together on a London TV show in November. Artist **David Koster** exhibits his lithographs at the Everyman Cinema, Hampstead, this month. **Clive** the couturier showed a dress at the British Week at Lyons made from French silk. **Dame Marie Rambert** is keeping secret the name of one of her guest stars for the new season – the other is **Maryon Lane** from the Royal Ballet. **Shri Rajmohan Gandhi,** a grandson of Mahatma, will open the Westminster Arts Centre. **Hugh "Binkie" Beaumont** plans a winter revival of T S Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*.

Mr K C Bryant, managing director of P Lorillard International, the company which makes Kent cigarettes for Europe, says "We have increased our sales in Britain by between seven and eight hundred per cent in the last year." He was in London last week with Mr Christopher Grindell, the Kent man over here, and two P Lorillard executives from New York, Mr Eric O'Toole and Mr Richard Orcutt. Kent have been invading the British cigarette market with Swiss-made cigarettes for the last 12 months, with the price advantage of working from an EFTA country rather than America. "We won't be satisfied if we get the whole of the British market," added Mr Bryant with a smile.

The next exhibition at the Queen's Gallery at Buckingham Palace, "Animal Painting – Van Dyck to Nolan," opens on 19 November.

Andy Sandham, now scorer for Surrey and latterly Sir Jack Hobbs' Surrey and England opening partner, is not sure that he owns all the cricket bats he thought he did. A bat is coming up for sale on 18 November, autographed by members of the English and Australian teams who played in Australia in 1924/25. The seller of the bat was convinced that this was the one which Mr Sandham had used to score 137 and 104 against New South Wales on that tour. But Mr Sandham thinks he still has the bat in question, so nobody knows.

Sydney Pollack, the American director of *This Property Is Condemned,* was so taken with London on his first visit that he will use it instead of Paris as the location of a film he makes next summer. "I've seen some lovely, lovely spots for shooting in Chelsea, Islington and Hampstead," he said. The script for the film, *Very Special People,* will have to be partly rewritten for the change of location.

Rupert Shepherd, who spent 15 years teaching art in South Africa, is putting on his first exhibition this month of paintings done since his return to London in 1963. "If there is a theme," he says, "it is birds and flowers." The exhibition starts at the Upper Grosvenor Gallery on 21 November.

The wreath which Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor sent to Aberfan was the result of a message passed through the Dorchester Hotel to Cardiff florist and Vice-President of the Society of Floristry, Eric Roberts. He made up the £35 to £40 six-foot-high sheaf of white carnations, lilies and orchids, bearing a cross of white carnations, overnight and delivered it to the Mayor of Merthyr early next morning.

Bernard Levin joins in one of the famous lunchtime dialogues at the Cockney's church of St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. He will talk with the Rector, the Rev J McCulloch, on 22 November.

Anne Ferguson, who spent three years as secretary to the Ambassador of Cameroon, and is now Technical Director of the Student Travel Agency, has set up the first London branch of the organisation. Over the past 10 years it has run cultural exchanges from Paris between English and Continental students – with the bias on Continental students coming into England. "Now the demand from English students has become so much greater," she says, "that it has merited us opening a branch over here." She already has a lot of inquiries for the ski-ing programme at Christmas and the New Year. Students who go – "we will deal with any number" – can do half a day's ski-ing to half a day's language tuition.

The Drapers' Company has given £2,000 to Newnham College, Cambridge. The money will be used to complete a graduates' Common Room.

Louis Brown, who opens his new Samantha's in the New Burlington Arcade on 8 November, may find that he has the longest party of the year on his hands. Invitations have been sent out on small golden cardboard guns, and the starting time has been wrongly printed as 9 am. Most of these have been changed in ball-point to read 9 pm. But Mr Brown may still have early morning trouble on his hands - some of the guns have gone out with the original time on them.

When did your barber last call on you?

Since you developed this new philosophy of self-indulgence, have you noticed that even your barber calls more often? It could be TEAK, very, very exclusive cologne and after-shave. You use it in the morning—and suddenly you're having a discreet trim and using it again at half-past six. Sybarite. And why not?

TEAK

AFTER-SHAVE 16/9 AND 24/10 · COLOGNE 18/9 AND 27/11

SHULTON · New York London Paris

BACKGROUND

ESPIONAGE

RUSSIAN Intelligence arranged the escape of George Blake for three vital reasons: (1) to damage seriously the relationship between America's Central Intelligence Agency and our own security services; (2) to get details from Blake on his capture, and – highly important – the methods adopted by the British in his interrogation; (3) to show their own agents operating abroad that Moscow can provide a "get-you-home" service . . . an invaluable morale booster for their men in the field.

In the last five years Britain has had to undertake patchwork repairs to maintain even a semblance of co-operation and exchange of material with the CIA on intelligence matters vital to the West. The series of spy "scandals" which have afflicted us - including the Blake case – led to American criticism, and distrust of our security machine.

By plucking Blake from out of jail the Russians have dealt a crippling blow to the British-American security relationship. Not withstanding the fact that Britain, in recent years, has suffered from security blunders involving the American intelligence agencies.

While Blake is now virtually worthless in respect of having further secrets to pass to his former masters, his potential value is incalculable in other directions. He can provide the Soviet security apparat with full details on how and why he was captured – in other words, how he slipped up and was discovered to be a double-agent – and in particular, will be invaluable in giving details of his interrogation. These are of maximum interest, and Blake will now join master spies Abel and Lonsdale, and renegade Briton Kim Philby, in equipping Soviet agents for operations in the West.

Colonel Abel operated in North America for years, and was in over-all charge of spy operations there when he was caught. Lonsdale had immeasurable success in North America and Britain. Philby, the "third man" who tipped off Burgess and Maclean, was also a prime source of information on the internal workings of our security machine. And Blake, who spent years at the hub of our intelligence affairs, is another prize worth retrieving for Moscow.

He will relate, in professional and clinical detail, every aspect of his capture and interrogation, no matter how minute, and this will be added to the Russian store of knowledge about our security techniques.

And Blake will ultimately join Abel, Lonsdale and Philby in the Soviet Ministry of Disinformation, the key department whose principal function is to undermine the West through propaganda, infiltration, subversion.

Final factor in the Blake escape is the Russian assurance to anyone working for them: if caught, we can get you back. And to anyone working in intelligence this is probably the most important thing of all.

THEATRE

WILLIAM GASKILL, artistic director of the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre, returned to London this week and dismissed rumours and reports of his impending forced resignation as "emotional exaggeration." It was a letter fraught with bitter frustration that Gaskill aimed at Fleet Street last week. After the critics' savage rejection of his Brechtian version of Macbeth starring Sir Alec Guinness and Simone Signoret, he wrote threatening to ban them from first nights.

But when the storm broke Gaskill was sunning himself in Tunisia. Meanwhile in London critics were angrily replying; and Mr. Alfred Esdaile, vice-chairman of the Royal Court's management committee, announced: "I agreed with the critics – it was a sixth-form production in the local church hall."

Mr Esdaile may not agree with his artistic director's methods, but Gaskill is convinced the remaining nine members will support his stand, and consider his ban on critics at first nights.

"I think one member, Mr Esdaile, may regard my actions unfavourably and want me to resign," Gaskill told *London Life*. "But I am sure talk like this is just emotional exaggeration.

"The committee is holding a meeting this week to discuss my letter, and not my resignation. As for critics – I still stand by what I wrote. They have been consistently antagonistic towards these productions at the Royal Court. I am glad it has all come out into the open. It is part one of one's job to fight battles – and this one was started by John Osborne."

Unperturbed by the furore and mischievously enjoying its ramifications – drawing into the open the critics versus theatre row – Gaskill was back at work at the Royal Court. Opinion is that when Mr Esdaile talked of resignations "he probably bit off his tongue two minutes later," as one Royal Court spokesman put it.

Gaskill, 34-year-old ex-actor, is known to dislike the power of critics. In his letters to editors he wrote: "Our production of *Macbeth* has produced a predictable crop of cheap journalism from the so-called critics of the national dailies. I am writing personally to all the critics including yours, but the situation between the serious theatres and the newspapers has been deteriorating to such an extent recently that I feel I must write to you about this problem. . . ."

He continues: ". . . Our record in the last 10 years has been such that British theatre is now considered the best in the world. We are given a reasonable subsidy by the Arts Council to carry on this work, but our financial position is constantly endangered by the flippancy of theatre critics. . . .

". . . The concept of the First Night with all that it entails – notices hurriedly written to catch a deadline, the need of the critic to make journalistic capital out of his notice – is destructive of serious work. . . . In the circumstances we are seriously considering whether we should invite your critic to future performances. . . .

"The only other solution would be to give critics the opportunity to reflect a little before writing their reviews and staggering their visits over several days to avoid the appalling mass of them on a First Night."

The critics' roasting of [illegible]is *Macbeth* did not entirely motivate his angry letter; Gaskill has always thought the critics' system wrong, and considers that time or lack of it precludes a sensible, well-thought-out review. The hate in writing a review often, he has said, distorts the overall impression of the play. These opinions, which grew within him like a bubble, burst when pricked by the sharp reception *Macbeth* received.

But in this case, what the critics say has not had much bearing on his production. *Macbeth* is fully booked up to the end of its run – 19 November. Every night a queue forms for returns; and when Guinness and Signoret drop out with other commitments, the play is being extended for two weeks with substitutes, so that schools and those who miss it will be able to see the play.

FASHION

QUEEN's dressmaker Norman Hartnell shed three of his "luxuries" last week: permanent models at his Bruton Street, Mayfair, salon. The reason he gave was the credit squeeze.

Mr Hartnell employed four models, three more than most other London fashion houses, during the quiet season. But because customers are not spending so much, he has had to make some small economies. Apart from the sackings, they are keeping dimmed some of the nine glittering chandeliers that flood his salon with light.

"Mr Hartnell has kept a team of models, unlike other fashion houses, since he started 25 years ago. Most houses have only one model,"

commented managing director Mr George Mitchison.

"Unfortunately, the girls can only model 12 or 13 weeks in a year, and we just cannot afford to keep them hanging around doing nothing in between sessions."

Mr Hartnell has been considering the cuts since he returned from Australia. After a staff conference it was decided to dismiss blonde Caroline Styles, 22, brunette Felicity Norton, 23-year-old stockbroker's wife, and Nolar Treloar. Retained is brunette Angela Fountain, staff model for four years.

Mr Arthur Harris, Hartnell's Director of Production, commented: "In future we will employ freelance models – they will work one hour in the morning, two in the afternoon. It will be quiet until January when the season begins again."

Comment from Felicity, who modelled some of the world's most beautiful and expensive couture: "I feel like Cinderella." The girls were given one week's notice with no redundancy pay, said a Hartnell spokesman. Their earnings were £1,000 a year.

Norman Hartnell made his first model for the Queen when she was a small bridesmaid. It was a dress praised by Queen Mary; gradually, Royal honours snowballed until he designed the Queen's Coronation robe. His model girls have always been envied in the London dress world for their showmanship.

NIGHT LIFE

NIGHTLY, at the Blue Angel club in Mayfair, the name of the powerful recording company, EMI, was being attacked by British entertainer Peter Maxwell. For the benefit of his cabaret audience he followed up mention of their name by spitting.

He also delivered this joke: "I sent the world's greatest record organisation, EMI (spit), a copy of my latest LP recorded by their South African subsidiary. It was promptly returned with a note saying they had never heard of me – even the hole in the middle was filled up. I sent it back saying I didn't like stuffed olives."

Maxwell, who regards himself as an acceptable cross between Victor Borge and Liberace, finds his wit rather painful.

Why?

He explained: "I am signed up under world-wide contract – note that, will you? – by the South African subsidiary of EMI. Over there I am terrifically well known and I have made a success in a country which has no television. When I put my name on this contract I assumed I would be recording all over the world – but not so.

"All told I made three successful LPs in South Africa and one single. But when I asked EMI in Britain to release one in England their company in London told me they had never heard of me, and that they didn't record new artists. New artists! I am just celebrating my tenth year in show business."

Fans of Peter Maxwell – and there are many – cannot buy his records in Britain. The entertainer decided against recording for another company because, he says, "they would want to record me all over the world, which would interfere with my EMI contract."

Maxwell wrote to EMI recording manager George Martin pointing out his claims to attention. "They replied saying it was nice of me to write. . . ."

Maxwell's humour is offbeat, *risque*, and a sharp reflection of human nature. When he returns to Britain he immediately makes for the Blue Angel – "my second home."

One of his singles sold 1,000 copies in Saigon when it was distributed throughout American clubs there for use in jukeboxes.

A spokesman for EMI commented: "I cannot think who from this company told Mr Maxwell they had never heard of him – it is untrue. We are all very conscious of Mr Maxwell and his music.

"We could, if we wished, release his records in Britain, but it is entirely a company decision. If his talents are such that they are commercially unsuitable for this country then EMI would not release his records over here. His commercial potential might be limited, or an overseas market would be better – it could be a number of reasons."

Maxwell's latest LP, *The Best of Maxwell*, will be out soon in South Africa – but you won't be able to buy it here.

UNIONS

FOR five weeks, men with notebooks and pencils have stood at the back entrances of London's hotels trying to persuade many of the capital's one million catering staff to join their union, the General and Municipal Workers' Union. The response so far: "Encouraging," National Recruitment Officer Mr Frederick Baker commented. "About 1,000 workers have asked to join – it's very satisfying."

The campaign was planned in July when leaflets were printed explaining the Union's aims and benefits, and urging membership. Fifteen recruiting officers have "doorstepped" hotels interviewing catering workers and distributing leaflets. They can be seen on duty by the time clock when staff arrive and leave their jobs. Mr Baker told *London Life*: "Because of the immense size of the task we chose hotels within a 15 mile radius of Piccadilly.

"We are directing efforts at the biggest hotels, the world-famous ones. We intend keeping it up until Christmas, we feel these catering workers need some form of representation."

Mr Baker attacked the wages set-up of hotel workers. "They are paid under the rules of their Wages Council. You need to be a lawyer to understand it, and it is so complex with so many grades, you have to live with it for a while. Wages of catering workers who may have to travel into central London from outside are only £9 to £10 a week, which is very bad.

"There are more pressures on catering workers, too. If they lose their job, because many are foreign, they may also lose their work permit – and find themselves in Naples or Malta again."

But why the back door? "With a hotel there is a front and back door. The front is reserved for the customer, with all the tinsel – the back is where work is done and people are clocking in. We have not been inside the hotels as we are treading on company property."

Before approaching hotel managements, the Union wants to gauge the response to their recruitment. They will then put their findings to hotels in the hope managements will give them full co-operation.

"You see, managements in hotels are still very autocratic these days. They are not sympathetic to the aims of a union, although we have received every courtesy from security guards and other people."

Difficulties encountered by the 15 recruiting officers are the myriad nationalities, poor English, and huge staffs of 1,500 to 2,000 in the larger hotels like the Hilton and Savoy. After Christmas, if their findings warrant it, the Union will call for talks with hotel managements about their staffs' interest in joint representation.

The attitude of the employers was contained in a statement from Maxwell Joseph's immensely wealthy 18-strong Great Metropolitan Hotels Group. "We have had no official approach from any union, although six of our 18 hotels have been approached through the back door. Until they come to us with concrete proposals we cannot say how we can accept what they are offering."

In fact, *London Life* learns that thousands of catering and kitchen workers in hotels are not interested in trades unions; most of them visit the country to improve their English. They have no wish to pay for something that has no lasting benefit. They return to their native countries quite often after a year or 18 months.

£150,000 IS STILL NEEDED FOR NEW THEATRE

While theatres seem to be closing down from time to time over the Midlands and North of England, new ones tend to spring up in the south. The latest project has just been announced, and the next theatre to be built in this country will be at Leatherhead. It will be completed by 1969.

An appeal for money has been launched (those who give more than £100 can have their name on a seat), and the basis of the fund is as follows: The Leatherhead Property Trust: £90,000. The Arts Council: £50,000. Leatherhead Urban District Council: £10,000. Ronson Products Ltd: £1,000.

This move is, among many others things, a tribute to the tenacity and taste of the Leatherhead Theatre Club's director Hazel Vincent Wallace who has managed, over the last few years, to keep Leatherhead prominent on the theatrical map. Week after week it became essential for theatre lovers to make the journey to Leatherhead to see shows that, despite the unlovely conditions of the theatre, were well up to West End standard. One of Miss Wallace's most outstanding finds of the last year was the musical *The Matchgirls*, which was ultimately transferred, virtually *in toto* to Shaftesbury Avenue.

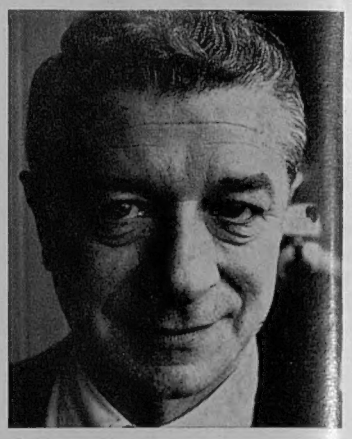
The new theatre, whose architect is Roderick Ham, a member of the Association of British Theatre Technicians and possessor of detailed knowledge of theatre design, will include all the latest techniques for stage operations, as well as have perfect seating and sighting.

As usually happens when a new theatre is built, it will become also an arts centre for the district, the new premises allowing presentation of concerts, poetry readings, film shows and art exhibitions as well.

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

By SHEILA FITZJONES

'England, best of the second-raters'



"Do I break the rules? Yes. Do I challenge the norm? Yes. Do I dare to say what I think? Yes." It was David Susskind – commonly described as American TV's most controversial figure – speaking. His weekly personal interviews on the screen cause regular outrage. He is, of course, the man who won world-wide fame when he chatted up Kruschev in a face-to-face interview.

Now he is over in England to produce a series of plays . . .

"I like the English people – you have such a calm demeanour – and I think England is quite the most excellent of secondary countries in the world. But I think at the moment you are trying to compensate for your loss of fleet and empire with mod madness. The mini-skirt is a bastard in-betweeness. Every time I see one I feel like throwing a blanket over the girl – just to keep her from catching pneumonia."

Judy Collins protests about protests

Judy Collins, 26-year-old American folk-singer, is back in London for the third time in one year and she protested to me about the people who protest about protest songs. "I like to sing about things that really matter and I feel that people do really listen to the words. Whether or not the songs actually change anyone's attitude is another thing, but at least it's an attempt."

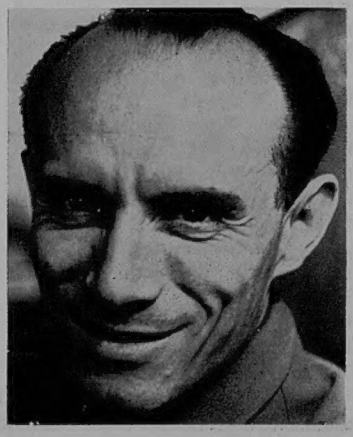
Judy's own particular protests have ranged against the death of a Hiroshima child to the hanging of Timothy Evans. In America, people are talking about her as a "major interpreter," and the Russians cheered her, too, when she sang her anti-war songs over there.

She told me that she didn't think people in England took her songs quite seriously enough. "But I shall sing the sort of songs on my concert tour here that I really believe in."

Have tape-recorder, will travel

Fred Robbins is a fast-talking New Yorker, more used to sitting in the interviewer's chair facing a world-famous face than to being interviewed himself. I met him relaxing for once over a late lunch at the Carlton Tower between tramping through the Weymouth mud, getting Julie Christie and Peter Finch to spill their interviews into his tape-recorder, and trying to track Sean Connery on the set for *You Only Live Twice*.

Mr Robbins travels the world interviewing the stars for his five-night-a-week radio programme *Hollywood Assignment*. "Actually the name of my programme is a misnomer – the stars are everywhere, particularly in England. I've interviewed Sophia Loren in the backstreets of Naples, Albert Finney in a swimming pool in Acapulco – and Otto Preminger on top of an orthodox monastery near Jerusalem."



Conductor praises London's music

Gary Bertini, Israeli conductor who is over here on a short concert tour, told me that being a musician in his country is highly stimulating. "The young Israelis are probably the most appreciative musical audience in the world. In Tel Aviv, where our main concert hall is, we repeat each concert seven times and all the tickets are sold out the day that bookings open. The hall holds 30,000 people – if you work it out, it means that 50 per cent. of the population of Tel Aviv hears each live concert performed. Working on the same ratio, it would mean that about half a million Londoners would hear the concert!"

Mr Bertini came to conduct in this country for the first time in April last year, and has been back several times since. "I think that at the moment there is a tremendous renaissance in music in England."

THE WEEK

Jewellery, paintings, Fame and films . . . all were on display for the discriminating during The Week. And another week was launched . . . for London's youth clubs.

Above: Oranges, sweet oranges . . . from Miss Tessa Wyatt for Mr Tony Dali. At the £6,000 party which heralded the grand opening of the Hanover Grand in Hanover Street.

Above: At the opening of Andrew Grima's new Jermyn Street shop . . . a £6 220 walking display of black opals, turquoise, diamonds and gold from Miss Ann Skevington. For the connoisseur: £2,000 earrings, £3,600 necklace and a £620 ring.

Above: And the subject . . . films. Mr Michael York and Miss Shireen Strooker at the National Film Theatre reception to open the Festival of Dutch Films.

Above: In the wings of the Finsbury Park Astoria, as Georgie Fame opened a new tour: Sibylla, of Club fame, Georgie and Ronan O'Rahilly.

Right: Ian Mikardo, MP, chatting to some of the youngsters at the reception to launch London Club Week, held at the Banqueting Hall, Horse Guards Avenue. The Week was launched by Lord Longford.

Left: Martin Ware, Mrs Iain Macleod and William Ware at an exhibition of his paintings which opened at his Fulham Road gallery.

JAM TOMORROW

weekly traffic service

Just over a year ago the Greater London and Camden Borough Councils initiated an experimental one-way traffic system to speed up through traffic around the **Brecknock** junction area in Camden. The scheme has proved so successful that the Councils have decided to continue it indefinitely. It has also had the interesting side effect of reducing accidents. In order to round off improvements in the locality, the stretch of **Leighton Road** between **Torriano Avenue** and **Brecknock Road** will be resurfaced, and Camden Park Road and Torriano Avenue will be strengthened to withstand heavy traffic. This will eventually cause delays.

Bridge works are currently delaying the normally unimpeded flow of cars in two places north of the Thames; in Kentish Town Road by **Leighton Road,** traffic has been slowed, and along **Highbury Grove,** between **St Paul's Road** and **Grosvenor Avenue,** the northbound stream has been diverted altogether. . . . Cable laying in **Crouch Hill,** between **Broadway** and **Haringey Park,** has temporarily closed the road to all traffic. . . . Road reconstruction has caused delays in **Nightingale Road,** N9, between **Hertford Road** and **St Mary's Road,** and in **Gordon House Road,** NW5, between **Lissenden Gardens** and **Highgate Road,** and in several other areas.

South of the river, **St John's Hill,** SW11, has been closed to traffic because of renovations to the railway bridge. Southwest traffic has been diverted away from **Kennington Lane,** SE11, between **Cottington Street** and **Newington Butts,** because of road rebuilding.

Controlled parking is to be introduced shortly in **Wimbledon,** to help give motorists easy access to shopping areas and private premises. Outside the parking meter zone a free, limitless area will be allowed for about 300 cars. The restricted zone will be centred on **Wimbledon Station** and the **Broadway** shopping area.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

SECRET negotiations are at present in progress to secure extra finance for one of the largest film production companies in the world, as a result of which effective control may change hands.

The company has vast resources and has put millions of pounds into a new and very ambitious film which has been in production now for over a year and has still to be shown to the public.

The final outcome of the present negotiations is not likely to be known for some time and at present executives are maintaining a strict "no comment" attitude to all questions. If, in the end, the company passed into outside or foreign control, it would be the greatest blow to the confidence of the American film industry and to the success legend of Hollywood that the celluloid city has had to endure since the war.

Career ends

Arden Sweeny, the American wife of American financier Charles Sweeny, who now resides in Britain, has just ended a journalistic career which lasted less than three months. Formerly one of New York's top models, she undertook to write fashion for one of Britain's leading glossy magazines.

Arden Sweeny told me this week: "I have given it up. I don't want to say any more about it and have no immediate future plans."

Paul McCartney, like most of the other Beatles striking out on his own, has just finished composing the theme music for a new film being produced by Roy Boulting. Directing the first rehearsal by the orchestra, he commented: "When I look at people I always get mental pictures of them. Look at the brass, they are the boozers. The strings? Oh, they play chess."

Michael Roberts, 18-year-old winner of the J Walter Thompson Scholarship for Fashion Drawing, has just returned from taking his reward, which was a visit to New York with special facilities to study the fashion scene there in detail.

When I talked to him on his return he told me: "I found the New York scene was behind Britain in ideas in fashion, but although trying to catch up they were rather embarrassed by it all. When I met the owner of 'Paraphernalia,' the boutique which is meant to have made a million out of mini-skirts, I asked her how she had done it, because I saw virtually no mini-skirts in the streets." The reply he got was quite simple: "The girls buy them to wear in the privacy of their bedrooms," she said.

Dr Soloman Bayo Asea, the newly-appointed Uganda High Commissioner in London, is busy making alterations to his official residence in Hampstead. He has got more problems of fitting in his family than any previous High Commissioner – about eight more problems, in fact.

Dr Asea, who was formerly the Ugandan representative in Washington, has five boys and three girls between the ages of 15 and 1½.

Old taxis

Actress Sue Lloyd and Lady Kimberley have still not begun their hire service using converted old taxis that they announced with such a fanfare of trumpets three weeks ago. I understand there have been snags over the conversions of the first one, which is biscuit coloured and named Cordelia, after Sue Lloyd's recent TV series, which goes on to the road next week.

Sue Lloyd told me: "During the delay we have had lots of new ideas. In the cars we are having taped music, magazines and a cabinet full of Thermoses of tea and coffee."

They should cause a riot at diplomatic receptions – all the girl chauffeurs are wearing silver boiler suits.

Service off

I hope they have more success than a new minicab service launched by Charles Fairey last week. He drove his own car and, in fact, only took one client. She wanted to go to Euston and he lost his way. After driving around North London for about 20 minutes he finally took 10s out of his wallet, pressed it into her hand, and suggested she took a taxi.

The Maharajah of Cooch Behar is about to become the first Maharajah to go into the club business in London.

He has put up the money to take over the Pheasantry Club, one of the oldest artistic haunts in Chelsea. There have been many rumours about the Club over the past two years; but the Maharajah of Cooch Behar financed the takeover on behalf of one of his friends, Alex Sterling, the fashion photographer who used to have his studio in the same building as the Club.

Alex Sterling is a close friend of Pietro Annigoni who, when he first came to London, used to pay his bills at the Pheasantry Club, not with money but by drawing on the tablecloths.

During the last four years he has run two other clubs, the Village, off Sloane Square, and one in St John's Wood.

To a flyer,
it's a clear blue sky ...

To a baker,
it's an apple pie...

To an actor
it's a compliment... To a smoker

it's a **KENT**

20 long size
cigarettes for
4'10

More taste...
fine tobaccos

The wine in my life... b

A brilliant function was instituted in London last week – The Vintage Dinner, in the beautiful Dubarry Suite of the Café Royal. Lord Fraser, chairman of Charrington Vintners, invited an impressive list of celebrities to the dinner, which must surely become a dazzling annual event. They murmured in delight over the formidable wine list, highlighted by the glorious Château Manton 1934, the Bual Madeira Blandy's Vintage 1866. And then they heard one of the most charming and fascinating addresses London has known this year. From the guest of honour – The Baron Philippe de Rothschild. An address worth publishing in full, as *London Life* is pleased to do here . . .

GENTLEMEN, may I start informally, also skip opening words which should be how happy I am to be here tonight with such a friendly audience, how greatly honoured I feel, and all sayings of the kind far too obvious to be emphasised.

When I was asked by Lord Fraser to speak to you, I felt rather panicky. Speak of wine . . . In English . . . In London where the knowledge, the love of wine is more developed than anywhere else in the world, well, well . . . So I turned to Stanley Williams and asked him: "What should I say about wine?" He answered: "Wine in general, wine and humanity." Wine and humanity? . . . Quite a precise and limited subject. Plain sailing . . .

Later came a letter from Ian, Lord Fraser. Was it to simplify? He suggested: "The wine trade historically. Men's behaviour towards each other. Philosophy not ruled out. No politics."

A wish

May I make a parallel? Most of you, I am sure, are masters of the French tongue (don't be afraid I will not revert to French). I only wish that, some day, a prominent French importer will ask one of you for a speech in Paris and in French: On Whisky, Gin, Ale and Humanity.

Apropos, if ever I stumble or misuse a word, please forgive me. It happened not very long ago. I wanted to say "contractor." Instead I said "undertaker. . . ." The link with wine, you may wonder? After all, we, the wine growers, are, in some way, your contractors. As for undertakers . . . not yet! Though, for centuries in the past, one expected to be buried with a fair supply of food and wine. Full amphoras of wine. Seeing oneself off for a long, very long journey, and unwillingly quenching the thirst, 3,000 years later, of archaeologists of the British Museum.

Drink or converse

Flying back to Paris, after our meeting in July last, I began brooding. Humanity and wine? First thought very terre-à-terre: How do men drink wine? Should I say drink or converse with wine? As hardly ever does drinking go without speaking. Four ways of this and that came to my mind. Four ways:

First: Alone. The *tête-à-tête* of man and bottle. Rather moving. Silent and not silent. But then, it goes the other way round. It is the bottle which speaks. How comforting it can be! The softening of worries, the encouragement to carry on. The enlightment . . .

Second: Two at the table. The lovely and lovable intimacy. . . . Where the eyes and scent mean as much as the tongue. Each of you has thus many a tender memory. Wine and human love are a match. Though, strange enough, most of the cultivated varieties of vines bear only hermaphrodite flowers. In nature, causes and consequences are sometimes unpredictable.

Third: A small party. This in turn has two solutions. With or without ladies. Of course this is a man's way of considering. But if ladies think o wine, do they say: with o without men? I cast no susp cion on the taste of ladies. N would I dare say they are to frivolous for wine. No. But wine-tasting party require perhaps to be somewhat mor solemn. Therefore, in the o days, one would look for an admire six-bottle men. Now is more often six men to bottle. That is why wine has t be made so much more car fully. By the way, who woul have ever thought of saying six-bottle lady?

Second thoughts

The fourth way: A banque Whatever pleasure we all tak in being here tonight, let u admit that it is far the wors condition for eating, drink ing, *en plus* having to liste to some odd chap's mono logue. . . .

Later there came to me second line of thought. Humanity and wine? Who the first human being on meets in life? All well cor sidered, it is oneself. Not a ways an easy meeting. To b consistent, I hope you won mind if I relate two or thre personal experiences. May call it: my autowinography?

Wine appeared in my life in March 1918 near the end o the 1914-18 War. The Big Bertha was bombing Paris. My parents thought I would be safer studying in Bordeaux. My week-ends were in Mouton. I was then only allowed wine diluted in water. . . . Not much education for the nose, I'm afraid.

Did my tutor know of your Chesterton's lines about a well-known navigator:

And Noah, he often said to his wife, when he sat

the Baron de Rothschild

down to dine,
I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.

My first entrancing encounter with wine stands, of course, within the second way of drinking: Two at the table. Then, it was not only the discovery of wine but also of love. Both together, basic meanings. We were hiding in a small hotel at Libourne. On the other side of the street there was a farrier. For many years after I felt a heart-beat at the sound of a hammer on a horse-shoe. And remembered the smell of the singed hoof mingling with the scent of wine.

Rather difficult to find nowadays. . . .

In wartime

Another moving moment. On British soil. January 1943 in the thick of the war. I had just escaped from Occupied France and reached London. I was calling on the Free French leaders, in this case Mr Palewsky, at the Hyde Park Hotel. I was waiting in the hall. Suddenly, a small slightly plump stranger came towards me. He grasped me in his arms and held me tight. Was it to arrest me? At last he said: "I only wish to thank you. I am Cyril Connolly."

"Ah!"

"I spent most of the blitz," said he, "with you."

"How come?"

"Yes, we used to meet with friends in Soho," he said, "sometimes stranded in a restaurant all night. We found much support in bottles of claret. Many of them were Mouton. And there you were, present among us. By your signature on the label."

You must remember, Gentlemen, that I, for one, had nothing and many of us thought we had lost France. No wonder I was moved to tears. And I am still moved today telling it.

Extra-ordinaire

Last anecdote: Three years ago in Scotland. We were invited to lunch at Balcarres by Lord Crawford. A small dining room. In the french window, David Crawford, turning his back to the table, was carving a fat roast duck. I felt thirsty. On a sideboard a forest of flasks and bottles. A big jug of cider caught my eye. "May I help myself to cider?" said I. I heard David Crawford, without turning his head: "You might prefer a glass of your *vin ordinaire*."

Not too happy, I discovered a small decanter of claret. Half-filled my glass. Lifted it gingerly to my nose. Took a sip. Let out a yell. "*Vin ordinaire*! But it is superb, magnificent, fantastic. What is it?" From the roast duck came a very blank voice: "Only a bottle of Mouton 1870." Eighteen-seventy! In Scotland! Honestly I believe it is the best bottle I ever tasted.

Now, Gentlemen, there is something I want very much to say. You are always complaining about your weather and climate. My wine experiences on your island make me think that you are very, very lucky. It is, of all climates, far the best for the behaviour of wine. Your cellars, I am positive, are the best in the world. And your delicate palate for fine vintages, I am sure, has something to do with this happiness of wine as it lies in your vaults. And brought to life under the light, soft moistness of your British skies.

It is high time, now, for some short general views on our friend's proposition: "Wine and humanity. And vice versa." I've had the timely luck of learning a new word. As it appeared a headline to our subject. The word is: "Conviviality."

Conviviality: *Oxford Dictionary's* etymology. Latin: *Con vivere*. To live with. . . . The famous French gastronome and writer, Brillat-Savarin, said: "Conviviality is the care and happiness of a guest every minute he spends under your roof."

Where does it begin? With a loaf of soap. Later, at weekends, dry, warm sheets. But where is the last touch, the culmination of civilised hospitality? In good wine.

You know or may not know that my life's work is not only making wine, but translating your Elizabethan poets into French. And my favourite poem, speaking of conviviality, happens to be these lines by Campion:

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine.
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow wax lights
Shall wait on honey love
While youthful revels,
masques, and courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

Convivial living if ever!

Beyond conviviality, let us not overlook the daily wine. An evasion for so many. The working wine. In an English newspaper I recently read of courses which were to be organised in London. They are to teach debutant businessmen the subtleties of wine. Whoever wants to impress the people he is dining and dealing with would prove without poise, unworthy of respect, if he couldn't interrupt the purpose and digress on wines. A pause which can help to clear matters. Working wine.

False prophets

Many a Cassandra, moaning over the young generation and the modern world, have prophesied the decline of dilettante true wine lovers. As far as we can see, luckily they are wrong. Except for some unwelcome increase of custom duties or taxes, we all hope, temporary, the wine trade has found a rather healthy revival, escaping from the dark ages of 1920-40. Then custom barriers were basic politics. The present trend is reverse: lowering of barriers. May I, in this company, refer to The Common Market? But avoiding any comments to comply with Lord Fraser's "No politics."

In August last, at a dinner party, the host, appraising the contents of his glass, said to my wife: "I will judge Paradise on the quality of its wine." But there is many a slip between life and paradise.

On the threshold of the other world, how many have found a last-minute support in wine. When ready for the scaffold, for instance. A later

Continued overleaf

AND FOR MORE GOODWILL FROM FRANCE . . .

"I will judge Paradise by the quality of its wine"

From page 13

choice was Cognac or rum. The executioner and the priest had also always their pint of wine.

A French jurist named Pasquier tells the tale of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He uses an obsolete French verb: "*Pleger.*" *Pleger* meant: drink to the health. Perhaps the same origin as the English "pledge." He writes: "Sentenced to be beheaded, on her last day's eve, at the end of her supper, Mary drank the health of her followers. Ordering them to "pleger" her. They obeyed. Kneeling, mixing their tears with the wine, they honoured their mistress."

Luckily these are only exceptional cases. Wine, above all, is a tribute to life. All poets have sang the delights of wine.

Poure out the wine without restraint or stay
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full
Poure out to all that wull
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.

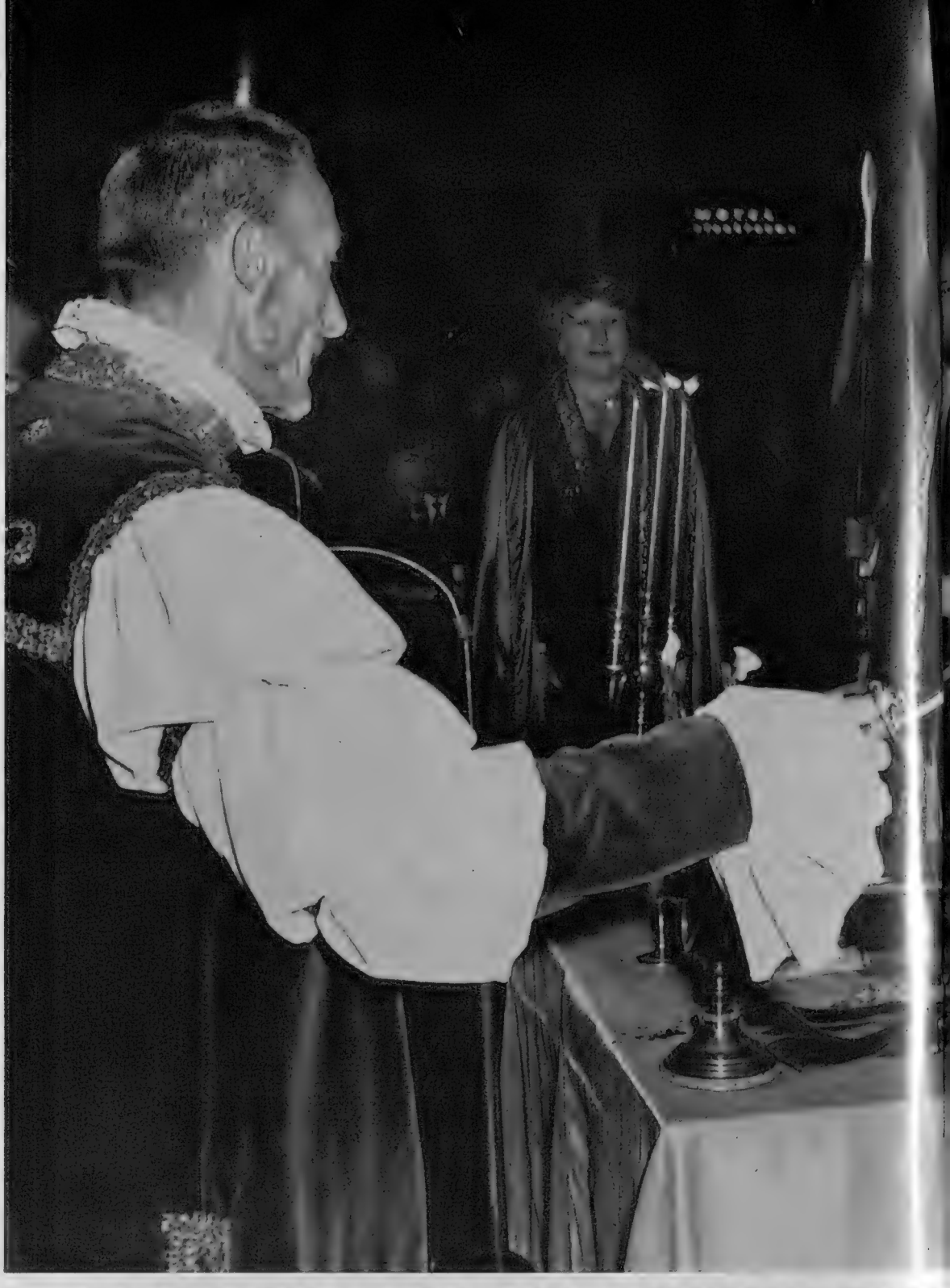
said Spenser in his Elizabethan bridal song.

One more word. One only. It is: "winsome." A word loaded with charm. I heard myself pronouncing it in a different way: winesome. However huge the English vocabulary, if adopted, we could give this motto to the world:

"Let us all be winsome and winesome."

To you and to such a world, I lift my glass. Hoping I will not behave like the poet Herrick's Lucia:

To fetch me Wine my Lucia went
Bearing a Christall continent.
But making haste, it came to passe
She brake in two the purer glasse.
Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed
So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.



BRITONS DUBBED CHEVALIERS

AN intense ascetic-looking Frenchman called Nestou flew from France to London last week for a ceremony installing Britons as Chevaliers of an order he founded, then propagated round the world. It is the order of Chevaliers du vieux Moulin Nestou (Chevaliers of the Old Nestou Mill).

But within 24 hours of the installation ceremony at the Bridge House Hotel at Reigate, Surrey, M Nestou learned that his old mill restaurant at Cros De Cagnes, between Antibes and Nice, had been burned to the ground. Nestou – he uses no other names – presided over the Reigate ceremony, and installed into the order Mr Herbert Smith, Mr Dick Staples, Mr Eric Hurst, Mr Alan Hall, Mr John Young and Mr Colin Day.

Idea behind his order is to bring together from all over the world people who will seek a closer understanding between like countries. The order has mushroomed – already there are 8,000 members including King Hussein of Jordan and his wife, Princess Muna, Karim Aga Khan, the

Left: Climax to the installation ceremony. After a speech from M Nestou outlining the qualities looked for in Chevaliers, he dubs each new member with the sword and welcomes them to the Order. **Above:** M Nestou summons the new Chevaliers to join him for their installation.

Above: After the sword ceremony, fraternal kissing on the cheek, and handshakes.

OF WORLD GOODWILL

King and Queen of Nepal, politicians and actors.

The French Government officially recognised the order two years ago, but Nestou foots the bill for all overheads. The Reigate initiates were dressed in royal blue and scarlet robes. They were dubbed on the shoulder by Nestou's sword, then, after kisses on both cheeks, they joined hands to pledge international friendship.

What do you get through being a Chevalier? Recently Nestou built a hotel in the hills high above the Mediterranean for the use of members of the order. But while enjoying these facilities Chevaliers are expected to use their influence to strengthen bonds of international goodwill.

After the knighting ceremony the new Chevaliers add their names to the Roll of Members

A RIVERSIDE NIGHT FOR THE AD-MEN

The Creative Circle, an advertising men's organisation, celebrated its 21st birthday with a dinner at Skindles, the Maidenhead riverside hotel. The President, Ronnie Kirkwood of Benson's, with past Presidents and some of the guests, arrived by launch for an evening which lasted until 1 am and included dancing, fireworks – and hot chestnuts.

Above: Pop singer Millie dancing with Ronnie Kirkwood. **Below:** Pop singer Genevieve dancing with Johnathon, of David and Johnathon.

Above: Model Vicky Johnston, daughter of jingle writer Johnny Johnston, in t chain mail tunic and the hair piece she made herself. **Below:** Model Susa Hartwell dancing with producer Tom Naylor of Ocelot Productions (far righ

Fireworks are fine – but remember these facts at your party

Guy Fawkes gave us a memorable festival, but one notoriously dangerous. As a warning against foolhardiness with gunpowder, JOHN McLEOD collected these impressive statistics from the authorities concerned

GUY FAWKES made a pathetic mess of trying to blow the House of Lords to smithereens. But each year, to commemorate his failure, we spend over £4 million on fireworks. As the annual bill goes up, however, so does the casualty rate, particularly among children. Last year 1,272 boys and girls under the age of 13 were injured.

Safety organisations, police, fire brigade and borough councils have all campaigned to curb the accident rate. But they – and the hospitals – are geared again this year to coping with an inevitable spate of injuries. In 1964 there were 2,200 casualties, mainly children under 13. Last year 2,339 fireworks victims needed hospital treatment in England and Wales. Since 1961, when the manufacturers themselves formed a safety association, the Home Office, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents and other safety organisations have been trying to reduce the number of accidents caused by misuse of fireworks.

Scotland Yard again issues its annual warning to the public that discharging fireworks in the street or a public place is not only dangerous, but illegal. Trafalgar Square will be a centre of problems for the police this year, as every year.

In the square

This is the first Saturday in seven years on which Guy Fawkes' night has fallen, and police expect even bigger crowds in the square. Annually, around 100 people are arrested. Last year, 24 were injured: 12 women, 10 men and two police officers.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents gave *London Life* this breakdown on the horror of fireworks displays that went wrong last year: there were 973 cases of injury at family or private parties; there were 411 in public or semi-public parties, in parks or open spaces; accidents in the street, 463; in other places, 149, in unrecorded places, 343.

There were 52 injuries due to fireworks igniting in pockets. A further 93 were caused by ignition in boxes or containers, and 219 happened because people were examining fireworks after faulty or delayed ignition. Another 432 people suffered because they held fireworks in their hands, and a frightening figure of 582 were injured through deliberate misuse, or ignoring the manufacturers' directions. Other causes accounted for 500 injuries, and the reasons for 461 accidents are unknown.

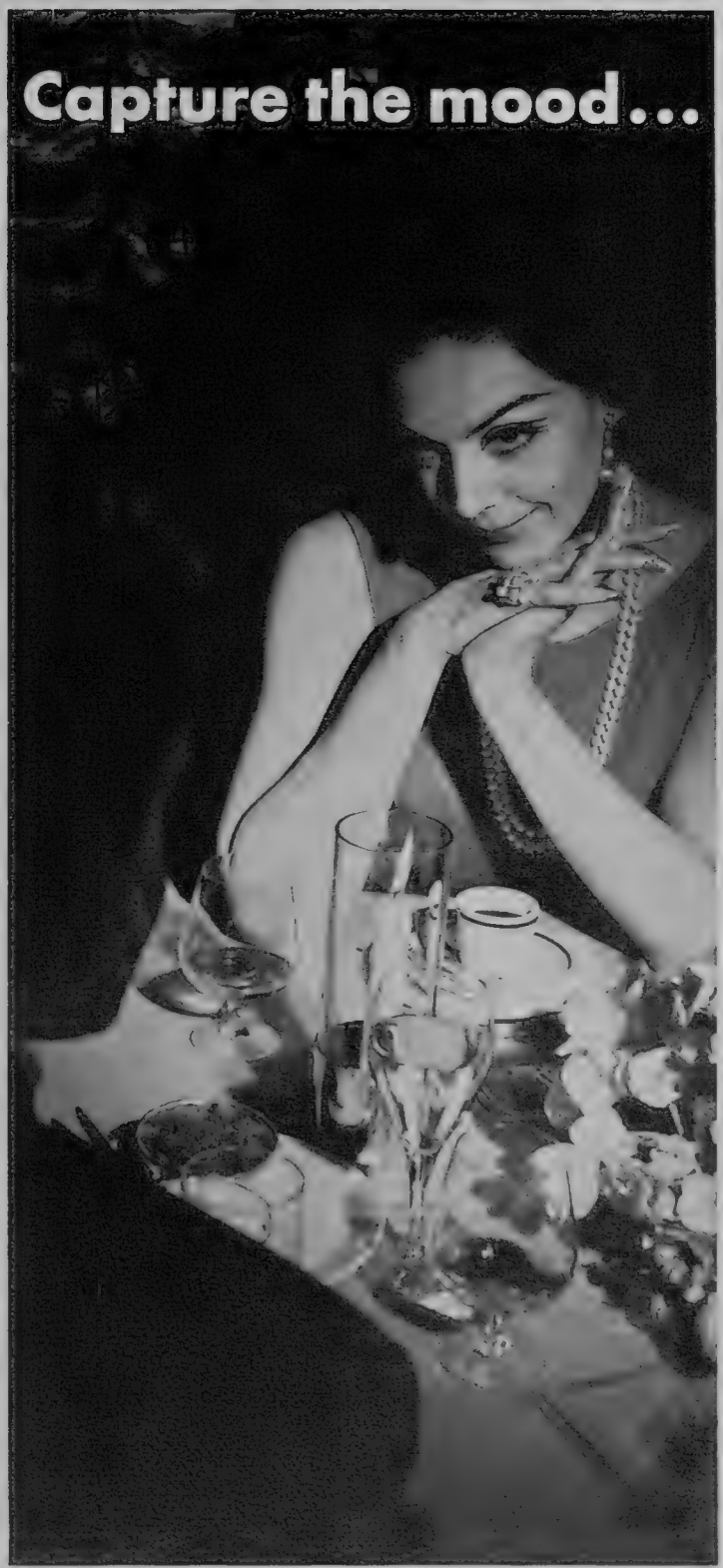
Vulnerable spots

The society also details the nature of injuries: eye, 797; face, 543; hand, 816; other parts of the body, 505. Last year there were no fatalities, but there were two the year before.

They say 213 people were admitted to hospital last year, and 163 had severe injuries but did not go into hospital. Minor injuries totalled 1,884.

RoSPA also warns of the effects of fireworks on old and infirm people.

Borough councils in London seriously applied themselves to the fireworks danger two years ago. They drafted a plan, which called for the sale of fireworks to be restricted to three weeks – from 15 October to 8 November. They also stressed that, while the manufacture for sale of the more noisy and explosive fireworks had been stopped, the length of "the season" appeared to be increasing. And they recommended that fireworks should not be sold to anyone under 16.



...with an apéritif at Dave's bar in the Chelsea Room. Capture an evening mood, when candlelight flatters and dinner becomes an occasion. At all times a tantalizing cuisine, an attentive sommelier. The delightful Chelsea Room becomes a setting for your mood, at dinner or for lunch. May we ask you to reserve your table? Telephone Belgravia 5411.

The Chelsea Room

THE CARLTON TOWER

Antoine Dirsztay Vice President & Gen. Manager

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Cadogan Place London SW1

Watches are arguably the most widely possessed accessories that are, at the same time, the most taken for granted. Yet in the cool, clean air of Switzerland they are produced under a stringent circumstances that—as ROGER BAKER explains in the report below—can provide accuracy to a millionth of a second. On the right are two examples of fine Berkeley watches. £33 10s and hers, £55, from Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade.

TIME ON YOUR HANDS

THE popular image of the watch industry is probably that of a crowd of dear little white-coated men in Switzerland bent over benches. The actuality is one of the most highly developed, electronically minded industries around. A good watch is composed of around 175 parts and requires 1,900 manufacturing operations. A first-class watch, therefore, needs a great deal of time, care and accuracy in its construction.

How any particular firm sets about making the watch governs its price. Some firms create the whole piece themselves, the firms that make what are called hand-finished watches, like Vacheron et Constantin or Audemars Piguet. Others buy the *ebauche* (that's the chassis, or greater part of the movement) and finish it off.

All buy the component parts—springs, dials, hands and so on—from subsidiary factories and it is the cost of these that governs the cost of the finished article. There are, for example, five different grades of springs and most companies will naturally elect to buy the best. Considerable time is spent on assembly and there are many rejections.

Electronic

Watches are tested to within a millionth of a second and regulated to perfection on electronic machines—often a watch will be subjected to test by five different machines. Standards of cleanliness must be high in the watch factories, and in most the workers are not allowed inside wearing their ordinary day clothes. The clean air and largely quiet atmosphere are contributing reasons to Switzerland's pre-eminence as a watch-producing country.

Casing and refinements can add to the ultimate cost of a watch: a very slender watch is likely to cost more; so, of course, is one decorated with diamonds or other precious stones. Perspex is universally used to cover the watch face, though sapphire is occasionally used. Once an Indian Maharajah had a watch made with the face covered by a sliver of diamond. Its cost is not on record.

Examples of what can be done with watches will be on view at Garrard & Co, the Crown Jewellers in Regent Street, from 14 to 25 November.

From left: Audemars Piguet lady's watch with slender gold strokes instead of numerals, and a diamond bezel, £570 from Watches of Switzerland. Lady's white gold watch from Bueche Girod, £64 5s from Watches of Switzerland. Man's watch by Jaeger le Coultre, £74 from Kutchinsky.

The watch industry is in a state of continual experiment research and refinement, on both the finished product and on the means of achieving it.

And since man has always measured time by the position of the sun and the phases of the moon, it is perhaps appropriate that the first application of space technology to ordinary consumer goods should be in the development of the watch.

Batteries

The Swiss designer, Hertzel developed the idea of a battery-operated watch 15 years ago. Curiously his own firm didn't latch on to the possibilities, so he took it to America where the firm of Bulova spent eight years developing it. The result is a truly space-age watch that has no traditional tick (only a faint high hum) and needs no attention apart from annual replacement of the tiny shirt-button-sized mercury power cell that operates it.

These watches are used on space probes (many are even now circling the earth) and work is being done on electronic timing devices at a centre at Neuchatel in Switzerland. Such development is indicative of the watch industry's continual forward-looking operation.

Ever since Peter Henlein of Nuremberg invented the mainspring, enabling timepieces to become portable, the simple

continued on page 21

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P.S. You don't have to fight to prove the superior qualities of a Fixo-Flex watch bracelet . . . your nearest jeweller or watchmaker will explain it all quite calmly. Cost? Surprisingly moderate.

Not unladylike to know the time . . .

from page 18

watch has demonstrated the great collision of design and function: a pretty adjunct to one's *tenue*, or a basic piece of necessary machinery.

Until this century, watches were almost invariably made to fit into a pocket; they were large, often gold, sometimes elaborated with a chiming device, and with the decorative aspects including gold chains resting casually across well-waistcoated bellies. At the beginning of this century the wrist was discovered as the ideal place to carry a timepiece.

Elegant

Quite soon, women decided, having cut their hair and discarded their stays, that it would not be too unladylike to know the time. And the wrist watch was divided – one sort for men, one for women. Today, however, most fashion accessories have been extended from such tight and traditional compartments and, leading the field, watches have come into their own. No longer need the girl seeking a watch have to sift through piles of fragile little things; nor, on the other hand, need the man who prides himself on a suave appearance be condemned to buy a husky chunk of masculine imagery for his elegantly-cuffed wrist.

Specifically elegant watches are not a new thought, of course. In fact, designers quickly latched on to the watch as another means of enabling people to indulge in conspicuous consumption. In 1610 Conrad Kreizer in Strasbourg created a cross-shaped pocket watch in rock crystal with black and blue enamel and gilt metal. Jewellery was not merely for decoration, but used as a means of displaying assets; a watch would be most prestigious.

Left hand, left to right: Lady's white gold watch by Bueche-Girod, £270 from Benson. Two by Patek Philippe; lady's 18 ct gold bracelet watch £400, man's 18 ct gold TV-shaped £525, both from Asprey. Man's watch by Longines from Benson. **Centre hands, left to right:** Man's 18 ct gold watch by Piaget, £357 from Garrard & Co. Jaeger le Coultre bracelet watch in diamonds, £3,350 from Kutchinsky. Boucheron man's gold slim watch with patent side fastening, £235 from Boucheron, New Bond Street. Man's watch by International, £110 from Garrard. **Right hand, left to right:** Lady's watch by International, £84 10s from Garrard. Two watches by Piaget from Collingwood, Conduit Street: hers has an oval diamond bezel (£885); his costs £310.

From left: Man's watch by Audemars Piguet, 18 ct gold, £330 from Watches of Switzerland, New Bond Street. Two watches by Omega: his has a date device, costs £233; hers has a gold bracelet, part of the design lifting to reveal the face. £212 10s. Both from Garrard.

Diamonds

One of the most striking watches around at the moment is a ladies' watch by Jaeger le Coultre to be found at Kutchinsky's. It costs £3,350 and looks like a beautifully wrought bracelet heavily laden with diamonds. The central section of a glittering flower lifts to reveal the tiny watch face. This is, perhaps, the ultimate in decorative watches, though the bracelet type with a hidden face is frequently found. Omega produce an 18-carat gold lattice bracelet watch with a tiny gate across the face (this is £212 10s from Garrard and Co).

Many of the leading watch manufacturers have seized the present trend for women to wear larger watches. The makers of Piaget watches say quite bluntly that the girl-about-town now wears a watch as large, if not larger, than that of her escort. To support this they have produced two extremely elegant gold watches, one for men, one for women, both with reasonably large, square faces and with supple gold straps. The women's version is barely smaller than the man's. Both are available at Garrard and Co. His costs £375; hers costs £315.

A restrained simplicity is the keynote of women's watches: Piaget may put a diamond bezel round the oval face of a delicate watch which

Continued overleaf

The last thing she'll want to take off is her Nivada

. . . quite understandable really. After all a Nivada watch is something to treasure. For as well as looking good, Nivada watches have all kinds of 'hidden extras' too. Take the Nivada man's watch, 5730, shown here, 17-jewel compensamatic movement, with Incabloc shock protection. Gold-plated case, stainless steel back, set-in sunray dial. It costs £14.3.6. The lady's watch is model 2084 which has a 17-jewel Incabloc protected movement in a 9 ct. gold case with integral 9 ct. bracelet. It costs £45.10.0. Ask to see the Nivada range at your jewellers

Nivada
SWISS

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Timing for spear fishing or the five-minute gun . . .

From left: Rolex GMT Master, £84 11s from Watches of Switzerland. Two watches by Nivada; his costs £25 8s; hers, on a narrow strap, costs £17 15s. Lady's watch by Piaget from Garrard, £315.

from page 21

has a pliable strap of a gold leaf design, and International may put their tiny watch on a discreet suede strap. But the general feeling is one of restraint.

The man's watch is more variable. Men, eternally gadget-minded and delighted with watches that do virtually everything as well as tell the time, are well catered for. The James Bond feeling is pervasive and has resulted in many ugly and often rather silly products. But there are exceptions enough to make any man feel on top of a tough old world. Notable is Nivada's Antarctic Swiss-made watch. It is chunky, with a round face. There is an indicator showing both the day of the week and the date of the month. A unique "compensamatic" system ensures accuracy at all temperatures. It has 21 jewels, Incabloc shock-protected movement with centre seconds and a gold-plated water-protected case with a stainless-steel back. All this – to enable you to time your spear fishing accurately – is £25 10s. The feminine counterpart has similar features, though much smaller, and costs £17 15s.

The bigger and chunkier the watch, the more its bi-sexual appeal these days. Watches of Switzerland have Aquastar, its large face including five dials that take it in turns to change colour – one minute each – devised for timing the five-minute gun in yacht racing, but useful for other five- (or less) minute jobs. This is £35. And both men and women have eyes for Enicar's black-faced watch which tells the time anywhere in the world.

Following along in the wake of colour everywhere, watches are also becoming brilliant and eye-catching. The famous, striped straps are getting competition from the faces themselves. One oval face has white numbers on a scarlet background, with a matching suede strap. More discreetly, but still imaginatively, Jaeger le Coultre put simple gold strokes representing numerals on a black face for a man's watch.

Lifetime

These watches are designed and intended for a lifetime's wear; such craftsmanship, whether in the actual building of the mechanism or in its treatment decoratively, is not to be discarded lightly. Watches, one would imagine, are the last bastion against built-in obsolescence that pervades so much of the fashion and accessory trades. But news comes that an established firm is going to do just this, and market a range of watches the prices of which start at £4 and stop at £7. They will have coloured faces with cases and straps to contrast and will be designed to be worn virtually anywhere a piece of jewellery can be worn. In London they are now on sale at Fenwicks and in Carnaby Street.

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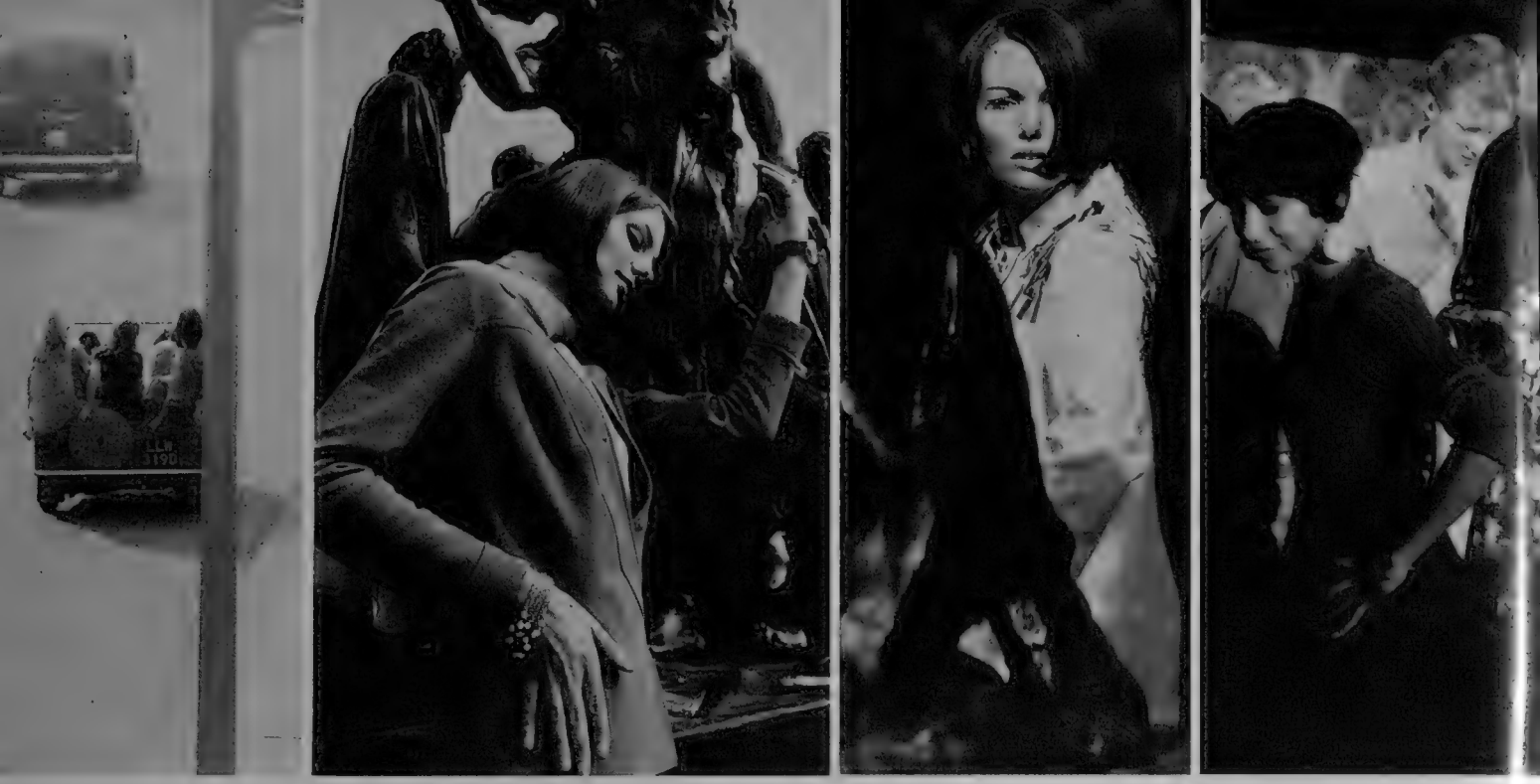

So now we know . . . it's the doll

Months after the world-wide fever of enthusiasm about swinging London has abated, a team of Englishmen have decided to resurrect the image with a film centred on the London dolly and the industries which cater for her. ROGER MARTIN appraises their efforts and measures the extent of their understanding of the current scene.

A FEW months ago, a far-sighted young man working in television advertising conceived an original plan for making money. He approached a wine merchant who was equally far-sighted but who had some funds to spare. Together they sketched the draft of the project and approached a team of experts who could transform the ideas into reality.

The idea – believe it or not – was a film about swinging London. A film featuring the extrovert antics of a young population bent on making their city the fashionable capital of the world. Ted Francis – that's the ad-man in question – said: "Okay, so it's been done before – but put it this way . . . a lot of women have been painted, but there's only one Mona Lisa. We'll make this a retrospective gem."

The target

So, in a half-hour film, devised to provide the "full-supporting programme" backing for three-hour one-interval epics in this country and more particularly for American television shows, they are hoping to create something that, in years to come, people will look back upon as the prototype delineation of what is the best in London; informative, non-intellectual, perennial and entertaining.

We can all, therefore, relax. London, dear old London, full of fog, Cockney sparrows, Big Ben, the British Museum and pride that's been handed down to us, still swings. Still swings after *Time* discovered us several centuries ago. *Time* was followed by thousands of words in German, Italian, Spanish, Danish and even Oriental tongues, talking about our clubs and pubs, or discothèques and bistros, our King's Road and our Queen's Gallery, our mini-skirts and our mini-minds. Foreign correspondents rushed across the Channel to have a re-look at things they'd come to take for granted. Picture features in German magazines, half-hour television shows for the lesser stations in America; face-to-face interviews for Australian radio . . . it all happened.

Life-saver

And now, several months after even the most tenacious foreign journalist has abandoned the task of injecting fire into the dying veins of the London scene, an ambitious team of locals have decided to revivify the corpse. Ted Francis admitted that the basic source of inspiration has slowly dried up, but claimed that a new angle had been discovered: "A lot has been said and written about swinging London, but I think that one of the things which made it swing in the first place – and which still makes it swing – is the dolly, be she deb or model. In this film of ours, we have taken the dolly as a piece of machinery and shown her component parts. That is, we want to deal with the young people who are providing for the scene, and not just those who are making it."

At Hounslow

Foremost among the institutions catering especially for the dolly is the pop industry. Robert Amran, who directed the film, explained how he had concentrated on up-to-the-minute examples of the pop scene: "We did a whole sequence with Chris Farlowe. He does his 'Out of Time' sequence in the Ricky-Tick Club in Hounslow. It's a real sweaty old place and Chris really builds up an atmosphere. We have treated the place really differently from any of our predecessors in that Chris actually does sing; there's no dubbing. Even the dollies dance to real music."

Another of the scene-shapers is Brian Poole. "Brian is undergoing a transitory period at the moment, just like Cliff Richard when he left the Shadows," explained Ted Francis. "We all feel that he will emerge as a great solo artist. Just like Chris Far-

girls who are making London swing

lowe – he's no one-hit Johnny, that one."

In order to understand the peculiar mystique which lies at the root of London's excitement, you have to be young, of that there is no doubt. The swinging London team fully realise this. Said Ted Francis: "We're a youthful bunch; we're a rave young team trying to do something different with London. Not a single one of us is over 35."

In fact Ted Francis is 33. Robert Amran is 28; Stephen Spurrier – he's the wine merchant who's backing the venture – is 26, and John Hantin, who has undertaken the research for the film, trailing the unsuspecting dollies to their favourite haunts like an amateur sleuth, is 33.

Dollytown

The particular London of these young men is unlike any London you have ever seen before. The dolly is whisked through her normal day. She emerges from the Underground, and then the camera follows her as she poses in her gear against the background of Big Ben, or floats down wide stairways in slow-motion.

Robert Amran, director, Derek Waterman, cameraman, and Brian Poole, prepare to begin shooting the film.

Later she dances in her usual clubs, in this case Scotch and Sibylla's.

Said Ted Francis: "We chose Sibylla's because we feel it's everything that a club should be. You may well say, 'ha-ha, so maybe London does swing, but only for the 0.00001 per cent. of the population.' In fact, this is not so at all. We have not been long-haired about this film: we've simply taken a straight look at this city of ours."

Robert Amran added: "We do not at any stage portray the crazy fringe. After all, drugs and so on have been on the scene for 10 years or more, and there's nothing new in that. We tried to make every touch authentic and real. For instance, when we were doing a sequence showing Brian Poole getting into a car, we found out he owned an Austin Princess. That was hardly in keeping with his image, since he had to be a sporty young man, so we gave him a Mustang for these particular shots."

"Something big"

The company commissioned for the making of the film is the newly formed FBA Productions. One of the partners, Jeffrey Forster, explained that the film was a major breakthrough for the company: "Previously we've done a series of short documentaries. Now we are on the verge of something big. The original idea was to make a film exclusively about Sibylla's, but we escalated into a complete appraisal of the London scene. Actually, we are not trying to be deep about it; there's no kind of social comment involved. If there were, it might not come out in favour of swinging London. We have accepted the current London image, and treated it accordingly."

Backer's view

Stephen Spurrier, the backer, elaborated: "I am only interested in this thing commercially. It has cost some £8,700. My own firm supplies Sibylla's, so a lot of people will benefit from this venture."

Thanks to this ambitious young film, London will rear up on its tottering haunches and throw itself into yet another series of oscillations.

It will bring a tear to many an eye that the earnest and conscientious efforts of London's jolly dollies have been given due recognition. As Ted said: "We've taken old hat and dressed it up to make it sell, and we've observed the scene in a new and exciting way."

David Frost plunging fingers of toast in his three-and-three-quarter-minute egg at the breakfast table does not perhaps conjure up the usual picture we have of this TV satirist. But this is how ROGER ELDRIDGE found Frost when he joined him for breakfast. Frosties were off the menu, as a more mature David Frost discussed his attitude to any plans for the future

The slight thawing of David Frost

WHILE most of us are still groping for the first ray of sun in the gloom of morning, David Frost has already donned his ready-made suit and his tailor-made chat. By tradition he is available for interview only at breakfast time, so much so that his early morning parties have become famous. On one occasion, at the beginning of this year, he assembled a distinguished gathering at the Connaught Hotel, at which Harold Wilson and Lords Soper, Longford and Chalfont were present. I joined him for a considerably less prestigious affair at the Waldorf.

When I inquired for him at the desk, the receptionist asked, "Do you mean David Frost the satirist?" This neat categorisation amused him enormously.

"It's such a ludicrous word," he said. "It implies a little set of people in a certain club in Soho. Even in the old days of *TW3*, our act included burlesque, humour and even, in some cases, straight information. It's not as if the term implies any specific profession.

Question

"I remember a loving father writing to me about his child along the same lines. 'My son is aged four,' he said in his letter. 'When he grows up, I want him to be a satirist. How do I set about training him?' It's really funny. How can you answer a question like that? Besides, I think I've outgrown that particular image. Nowadays people don't have to qualify when they talk about me. I'm just plain David Frost."

Last year, a magazine made a curiously appropriate *faux pas* and referred to him as being "only 62, but looking a lot older." The indefatigable intensity of his life has left him with a pallid, almost unhealthy, complexion. He has cut down his sleeping hours to five, and then not necessarily at night. For instance, he might do a full morning's work in London, catch a midday plane to New York, gaining six hurried hours on the way, and readjust to the American day when he arrives, so that he goes to bed after midnight, New York time. This means a working day of some 22 hours.

Slog

To David Frost, however, relaxation does not imply an armchair and a repetitive cycle of work and play. "I suppose I pack more into the average day than most people," he said, "but my idea of relaxation is equated with variety. I have been working towards a state where I can do what I want when I want. I like to do three hours' slog in one place and then move on and do three hours somewhere else. I find that restful. As I go on getting older I want to be able to pack more and more things into a single day. That's my ideal."

The most immediately striking feature about him is that he has lost the undergraduate glint in his eyes, the *TW3* look that said, "I am watching you for your faults. Make a false move, say the wrong thing and I will expose you to public ridicule." That was the look which made him almost universally disliked. In place of this is a certain sobriety of attitude which makes him more attentive and willing to accept people for what they are.

I commented on the new, mature Frost look, and he admitted that his image had changed. "True, *TW3* was destructive up to a point. We started out with people and drew what fun we could out of them. On the current *Frost Programme*, however, we start out with conversation, and range free over vaguely delineated subjects. This means that personalities are not the primary focus of attack any more. To put it another way, we pick on a subject, not a person."

But this metamorphosis is not solely restricted to a change in television personality. If that were the case, then it would amount to little more than an actor assuming a different character to fit a new part, In this case, the change is from baddie to goodie. The need for immediate impact has gone.

Acceptance

Wealth and affluence (even two years ago he was said to be earning three times as much as his main target, the Prime Minister) have brought a certain – though I hesitate to use the word – *bourgeois* acceptance of society's standards. David Frost's only comment to this was, "You can't be extrovert and controversial this early in the morning, can you?"

So we attacked the business of breaking fast. Even that wasn't very satirical. Contrary to rumour, David Frost does not eat Frosties. He had fresh orange juice, followed by two boiled eggs – "three and three-quarter minutes, so that the white's hard and the yolk's soft. That way I can indul in the erotic delight of plun ing fingers of toast in th yellow. It's the only reaso why I have boiled eggs." H decapitated the first egg rath brutally and began h favourite game of Dippett Do, then decided that he didn fancy the second egg. And we resumed our chat ov coffee.

Off-duty

I tried to orientate the co versation towards his persona and informal activities, but h refused to be drawn. For person constantly in the publi eye, very little is known abou his off-duty hours. Perhaps on reason for this is that he i very rarely, if ever, off duty. The Press made much of his romance with actress Janette Scott, but she finally married Mel Tormé, the American singer. The nearest he comes to intimate revelations – or, as he puts it, "the full-confession bit" – is to make the occasional remark like: "My current loving girl is no button-sewer."

David Frost is the sort of person who has a lot of acquaintances but few friends. His enmities have been given much more publicity than his friendships. One thinks particularly of the tolerant truce between Frost and Peter Cook. The latter once saved Frost from drowning in a private swimming pool in Connecticut. Afterwards he is reported to have said, "My God, if he'd drowned no one would have believed I hadn't pushed him in." But perhaps his generally mellowing attitudes will change this aspect of his life too.

Enigma

David Frost presents a pretty formidable front of inscrutability. Despite the cutting views he expresses on television, he has never really revealed the true extent of his opinions. He is the son of a Methodist minister, and has himself been a lay preacher; and yet he has been at the centre of a number of controversies involving the Church.

I asked him if he had any prearranged signal which would inform the audience when he was speaking from genuine conviction.

"I think it's important to bury your views implicitly in what you do, rather than blurt them out explicitly," he replied. "As for my ambitions and plans for the future; well, the truth is that I only consider I have really formulated an idea or a plan when it is actually completed and put into practice. So that the next breakfast we have I will be able to show you what I have done, and say, 'There, that's what I intended doing.'" This was but one more enigma from the King of Riddles.

Lyrical

One subject upon which he almost waxes lyrical is his love for London. "I think it is by far the most exciting capital in the world. But this has nothing to do with the Moddy crowd in their *discothèques* and clubs. It's far more a question of personalities. I am going to make a colour film for America about London, expressing my own love for the place. It won't show scenes and places, but will record the solid achievements of men like Sellers, Olivier and Peter Brook. It will be something along the lines of a *Night out with David Frost*, and I shall make it with Peter Sellers."

At this point he decided that he had to leave for a meeting at Television House. He scrambled to his feet and moved off, looking for all the world like a very modest civil servant. In his fictitious obituary on David Frost, Auberon Waugh made the point that Frost epitomises everything that is ordinary in the Englishman; that he is, in fact, the prototype of the Common Man: "Frost had the gift of convincing us that outraged Blimps were ordinary people, instead of being a tiny collection of nuts, and that he was a wildly irreverent, off-beat nut, instead of being quite an ordinary person."

David Frost is every bricklayer's dream of stardom, every commuter's ideal of independence, and every citizen's wish for glibness and fluency. He has made both a fetish and a fortune out of being ordinary. After all, why else would anybody be interested in the fact that he likes dipping toast in his soft-boiled eggs?

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ARKLE IS UP FOR THE CUP AT SANDOWN

Arkle, that flyaway, darlin' bhoy of a steeplechaser, is among the 51 entries for this year's Gallaher Gold Cup race at Sandown Park on Saturday 5 November. And, inevitably, most punters expect the nine-year-old Irish wonder to romp off with the £7,000 prize for the Duchess of Westminster.

Arkle was voted steeplechaser of the year at the Racecourse Association's Horse of the Year dinner in March. He was bought by the Duchess, as an unbroken three-year-old, for 1,150 guineas. To date, he has won a fortune in prize money, established himself as king of the jumps, and has, with his capacity for winning, endeared himself to millions of punters.

He dominates the English and Irish steeplechasing meetings every year, and has become the talk of European racing circles . . . and a contributory factor to the boom in National Hunt racing. He is trained in Ireland, by Tom Dreaper, and was named after a mountain on the Duchess of Westminster's Scottish estate. When he first came to England for meetings, a great source of interest for steeplechase crowds were his battles with the renowned English 'chaser Mill House, who beat the Irish entry in the Hennessy Gold Cup two years ago. Arkle swept aside competition from then on, and established himself as the foremost steeplechaser around.

He has won the Cheltenham Gold Cup three times. He is now at an age when most steeplechasers have reached their peak, but his performances suggest he is still improving. His jockey, Pat Taaffe, is 6ft. 2in. tall – one of the tallest jockeys riding today – and says after every win: "Arkle does it all himself."

The Gallaher Gold Cup is now established as the first of the major three-mile steeplechases of the new National Hunt season. This year's entries include many of the best of last season's performers.

Angela

THE elegant and desirable array of watches on earlier pages of this issue will no doubt be an unadulterated pleasure to 99 per cent. of the people who see them. The other 1 per cent., though (and I am one of them), will regard them with mixed feelings. Attractive though they are, they are dread symbols to us. Time is not of *our* essence. We are the Latecomers, that small flustered minority to whom unpunctuality is not a vice or a carelessness, but an actual illness. We caught it when we were very young, and we've never yet managed to throw it off.

We are the ones who stumbled into school prayers doing up our stockings and treading into our shoes; we were always the last to slide guiltily into our classrooms; and by the time we had found our hockey sticks and got our boots on, the teams had been picked and we had to play in our usual key position of First Reserve.

Excuses

Now that we're grown-up, things haven't changed much. Our excuses are a mite more suave, that's all, but we're never on time for anything, no matter how hard we try. Our husbands, employers and friends gave up believing us years ago. When our friends ask us to dinner they don't put the potatoes on until they actually hear our feet abjectly scampering up the steps; our husbands automatically leave the tickets at the box office; and our bosses know that there are trains that only we ever seem to catch – those trains that get derailed outside Gatwick, catch fire in the guard's van, and are run into sidings for 20 minutes, while other trains full of punctually smug people are swept past on the main line. Nobody who has ever waited for 35 minutes outside Swan and Edgar's on a cold autumn evening (while we couldn't find a taxi/start our car/catch our bus) will ever agree to meet us again except in circumstances where they can start the meal without us.

We have, if it's any consolation to us, our small niche in English Literature; Tennyson, for one, knew all about us – "Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now" is something we're always hearing at Covent Garden. And good old Maud was a latecomer if ever there was one – "The red rose cries 'she is near, she is near' and the white rose weeps 'she is late.' " Our life is full of white roses, weeping and stamping and dropping their petals with rage as 7.30 for 8 turns into 8.45 for 9.

Fortunately for the framework of society, though, most Latecomers marry, with some instinct for survival, ardent punctualists. These punctualists do their best to combat our weakness with every weapon they can lay hands on.

They put all the clocks in the house forward five minutes, and when we become wise to that, they put them on 10 minutes. They take to leaving us little notes: "Your dentist's appointment is at 9.45. It is essential that you leave the house *not later than 9.15.*"

Ladder

Yes, but we know, don't we, that at 9.10 our stocking is going to ladder, and the only other pair of clean stockings we've got was washed last night, and they're still damp, and we're going to have to spend 15 minutes drying them in front of the fire. Which means that we're not going to leave the house before 9.25 at the very earliest, and in Kensington High Street a state procession for the Crown Prince of Ruritania is going to materialise out of nowhere. We are going to get to the dentist at 10.20.

Our tragedy is that though few people believe us, our excuses are nearly always true. We *did* lose our glove just as we were leaving to be interviewed for that desirable new job . . . our dog *was* sick on the hall carpet just as we were settling down to write that article . . . we *did* have a flat tyre just outside Baldock . . . and above all we *did* forget to put our clocks forward. We are the White Rabbits of social life, continually scuttling down corridors and muttering: "Oh my ears and whiskers how late it's getting!"

And now I come to think of it, Oh my ears and whiskers, didn't they say something about wanting this copy yesterday? Well, I'll tell you what happened. Just as I was getting my typewriter out there was this knock at the door, and . . .

Ince

Braces

Leslie Frewin, the publisher, wrote to complain to a restaurant that while he was dining there Mr Patrick Gordon-Walker, also dining at another table, took off his coat and waistcoat and slipped off his braces. When Mr Gordon-Walker heard about Mr Frewin's complaint, he was quoted as saying: ". . . He is being rather an ass. The management did not object."

Well, I don't think Mr Frewin was being an ass. And I think the management should have objected. It is surprising how often, when you go out to dine, some other customer behaves in a way which makes you wish you'd stayed at home.

My first rule would be that no dog, under any circumstances, should be admitted to a restaurant.

My second rule would be that anyone who has had too much to drink should be instantly asked to leave.

And my third rule would be that all restaurants provide a coffee-and-smoking lounge for after dinner, and nobody should be allowed to smoke in the restaurant itself. Nothing takes the gloss off smoked trout quicker than eating it through a haze that would make a trout cough.

Any restaurant-owner who reads this will probably say that if he insisted on these rules he'd never have any customers. And the sad thing is, he's probably right.

BACK THE FAVOURITE-

the manline is BRI NYLON

Sweater in 'Bri-Nylon'
by Tootal comes in nine
colours and costs about 59/6. Contact
Tootal Men's Wear Division, 56 Oxford Street,
Manchester 1, for stockists.

TAKE THINGS EASY -

Button-through sports shirt in 'Bri-Nylon' by Wolsey comes in six colours and costs about 69/6.
Contact Wolsey Ltd., King Street, Leicester, for stockists.

the manline is BRI* NYLON

Cardigan jacket in 'Bri-Nylon'/'Terylene' by McRitchie of Edinburgh comes in five colours and costs about £5.19.6d. Contact C. R. McRitchie & Co. Ltd., Market Street, Edinburgh 1, for stockists.

- TALK GOOD TACTICS

RALLY TO GOOD LOOKS-

Sports shirts in 'Bri-Nylon' by Fred Perry Sportswear. Both come in four colours and cost about 59/6 each. Contact Fred Perry Sportswear Ltd., 5 Vigo Street, London, W.1, for stockists.

the manline is BRI* NYLON

Button-through sports shirt in 'Bri-Nylon' by Marathon comes in five colours and costs about 59/6.
Contact Corbett & Davies Ltd., Harvester Works, Plantagenet Street, Nottingham, for stockists.

- MOVE IN TOP GEAR

the manline is BRI* NYLON

AWAY INTO THE WIDE BLUE YONDER -

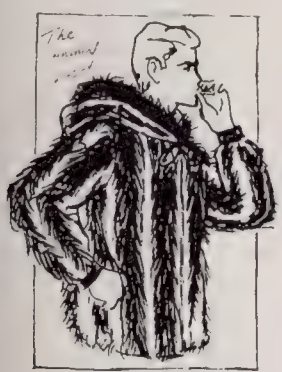
with a striped sports shirt in 'Bri-Nylon' by Mentor. Comes in three colours and costs about 59/6. Contact Mentor Ltd., Mentor House, King Street West, Stockport, Cheshire, for stockists.

*'Bri-Nylon' is a mark applied to nylon yarn or fibre manufactured by ICI, the proprietor, and supplied by ICI Fibres Ltd., when used to their satisfaction for approved merchandise. It is not authorised for use except in this manner. 'Bri-Nylon' and 'Terylene' are Registered Trade Marks of ICI.

JOHN TAYLOR, Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*, now celebrating its hundredth anniversary, has this prediction for male fashion: "We are going to lose a garment. Shirts are being made to look more like jackets, and overcoats are becoming shorter and more truncated, so that in many cases they almost replace the jacket. I think the shirt and the jacket will eventually fuse into a single unit." He has more to say about 100 years of fashion in his book *It's a Small, Medium and Outsize World*, to be published by Hugh Evelyn Ltd on 10 November, at 18s

For the driver with everything: 18-carat gold-plated car keys from Horne's. Full range bearing the car manufacturer's emblem, embossed and enamelled in full colour and attached to gold-plated snaplock key ring. You buy them as blanks, send them to a free return-of-post key-cutting service. Cost: 21s each. All models from 1960 available.

For the drinker who needs a status symbol: made-to-measure tankards, glass-bottomed pewter, with a capacity of up to three pints. Largest at 16 guineas.



The animal look for winter, as seen at C & A with lots of long-haired anoraks. This one has black-and-white skunk stripes, and costs 14 guineas. Another is black with extra long hair (made from Orlon) and costs 14 guineas. The duffel coat turns up again in a sleeker, less student-style line in Borg Courtelle pile fabric at 10 guineas. And there is a double-breasted casual overcoat in Glenoit pile fabric with a wide collar and six buttons at 9 guineas. Full range available at all branches of C & A.

Shirt prediction for the next fashion cycle: a return to stripes but with more subtle variations . . . incorporating textured weaves and tone-on-tone colours: white-on-white designs and Dobbie checks and spots.

Attack on collars that stick out or turn up . . . Tern now style them with a sewn-in roll. They lie flat on the chest and form around the tie. Ideal for wide, wide ties. And larger knots fit snugly underneath, creating a clean, uncreased look.

NEWS from Simpsons (Picadilly): double-breasted suede jackets. In Torrid Tan and Burgundy Red. Wide lapels, fitted waist, deep centre vent. At £35. Match jacket with felt trousers in camel and plum red. With very shallow turnups: £8 5s.

For the driver who's particular . . . three styles of the Westover driving shoe: the laced Grand Prix, for the professional; the Tourer, in brown sueded pigskin, for the more conventional; and the slip-on. First two pairs are 95s. The other 85s.

Following the success of the soft-topped mini-cap this summer . . . versions in cord and tweed for winter. By Horne's.

There are some good-looking sweaters and pullovers in Morley's autumn range, including a wool sweater in a fine bird's-eye jacquard design and college striping round the campus crew neck (about four guineas). Also a co-ordinated two-some of a tailored cardigan-coat and a fine Acrilan shirt. The cardigan, which comes in three sizes and costs about £5, is in bold sculptured herringbone stitch and can be navy, cornmeal or oak-apple.

The Sabre Saturday shirts in Acrilan have been a casual winner through the year. Now winter's on its way in, don't pack them up in tissue paper – they make ideal party gear; great colours, a tailored casual fit. 39s 11d – with or without button-down collar.

Looks cool – a pair of shoes in plaited leather, and they have been a big warm weather seller. But designer Steve Topper claims that they are equally suitable for colder days – the ventilation principle works in a similar way to that of string vests. Black or brown: £5 19s 6d from the Topper Boutique.

WATCH out for Burberry's new showerproof overcoat with what they call the lancer collar around the end of November. It's 28 guineas, looks lean and elegant . . . Jantzen's sweaters ranging from chunky and cosy to smooth and sleek . . . Viyella's button-down shirt with thin yellow and blue stripes on white background . . . the Acrilan warm coat by Astraka, luscious and furry.

You can have your name engraved on the silver cap of Brut after-shave lotion for nothing. Mind you, the bottle costs seven guineas. Brut is the name given to extremely dry champagne, and Faberge have borrowed the name for their range of grooming aids, which includes spray deodorant, talc, deodorant soap, shave and hair spray.

From the Ginger Group of Hairdressers, in Knightsbridge . . . a guinea buys you cut, styling and conditioning – and there's a girl to shampoo and hand-dry your hair, too. By appointment, naturally.

The more mature man, who doesn't exactly want to go dashing about in a shortie raincoat, but feels he equally doesn't want to look dowdy, might have a look at the Driway Dublet, a reversible weathercoat. One side is formal, the other casual. The formal side – which is always darker – has vertical pockets and classic buttons; the casual side has semi-slant pockets with bolder buttons. Each side is silicone proofed, cost: 12 guineas.

"There's a Beardsley feeling about it, with its intricate art nouveau patterns" . . . Gordon Deighton, designer at Simpsons (Picadilly) talking about his latest shirt. It's two-coloured; deep-tone design against a light-tone background. There are four versions – pink, yellow, green and brown – at £4 10s.

First look ahead to next summer, announced this weekend: Svend, the Scandinavian designer who has worked for Fath and Heim, has introduced his first collection of swimwear since he was appointed design director for Jantzen. One pair of slightly hipster trunks is designed with a neat, stylised bee; and there's a swimsuit for her with a matching motif.

It had to come: an Elizabeth Arden hair spray . . . for men. Claimed to keep your hair in place without making it sticky or oily. At 15s 6d from all stores.

'TERYLENE' A RAVE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Persuaded rival take Diana for ride in amphicar. Force 7 gale. He put on topcoat containing 'Terylene', dashed good-looking, debonair, etc. And he'd need it...had managed to saw hole below water-line. Pretended rage when they didn't offer take me. Hung round to rescue Diana.

DRIWAY TOPCOAT IN 55% 'TERYLENE'/45% WOOL, WORSTED. 3 COLOUR VARIATIONS. APPROX 12 GNS. ENQUIRIES TO DRIWAY RAINCOATS LTD, DRIWAY HOUSE, WATER LANE, LEEDS 11.

SARAH DRUMMOND

TALKING FASHION

THERE is a great old interchange of Eastern and Western ideas going on – Indian music is an intrinsic part of almost every disc in the charts, and the Arabic influence is just about Number One in the fashion charts, too, in the form of the caftan. Judging by the amount around in the spring collections I've seen, it looks like staying there for a while.

Berkertex are showing *djebas* for spring, inspired by the trip they took to Tunisia a few weeks ago. President Bourguiba had just announced the equal rights of women, and for some time had been encouraging women to wear Western dress – though he condemns the mini-skirt, on the principle that it prepares the way for even less skirt.

New factory

The Berkertex collection went down big, and one of the results of the trip is that Berkertex are going ahead with plans to set up a factory over there, and will possibly be importing Tunisian materials (mostly cotton) over here. The pictures that we took in Tunisia show some of Berkertex clothes for next spring, and some for now.

Tricel proved itself to be the most marvellous and virtually uncrushable travelling material. And I became convinced that the only colours to wear in bright sun are strong, bold ones – delicate, subtle ones tend to look anaemic.

Another result of the trip is that everyone who went to Tunisia is aching to go back. We were the guests of the Tunisian Government, who looked after us exquisitely in quite splendid hotels, and are the nicest, kindest, most hospitable race of people I've ever met. They do lovely things, like decorating your table if it's a client's birthday (which they discover from passports), and your bedroom always has flowers and fruit in it. Apart from which it was gloriously hot and there's masses to see.

Twiggy was with us – as Berkertex's guest. Soon she will be modelling their new collection designed by Pamela Procter and Paul Babs (late of the RCA). Papa Berker (Leslie Berker, OBE, the founder and chairman of Berkertex), looking astoundingly like Hemingway, complete with beard, tan, open shirt and captain's hat, entertained us royally on his yacht.

The only mishap was Twiggy losing her eyelashes – she wears three pairs and curls them round a knitting needle at night. This mysteriously disappeared. So we had the privilege of seeing an unmade-up Twiggy. Great!

★ Two dresses from Berkertex Tunisian collection, photographed at the Café Maure, Monastir, by Peter Greenhill. Left: White tricel dress with pleated skirt, piped in black, eight and a half guineas. Right: Black beaded dress in crepe, approximately seven and a half guineas, both on sale now at Harvey Nichols and the London Fashion Centre, 390 Oxford Street, W1. Tunisian jewellery from the Tunisian Trade Office, 4 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 2952).

Above: Trouser-suit in hot orange, made of tricel jersey, about seven guineas, available in the spring at Berkertex. Photograph by Peter Greenhill.

Maltese colour

Melita, 162 Walton Street, SW3, is the first Maltese shop in London and it's now open. Besides ironwork and wickerwork, there are delightful shirts, dresses – long and short – and skirts, all in Maltese thickly woven cotton and wool. The colours are vibrant, the designs simple. One of the best buys is the wrap-over reversible skirt (plain one side, patterned around the hem of the other) for about 4 guineas.

SEVEN guineas is a good price to pay for your winter coat (if you rush to Wallis, you might be lucky), double-breasted, beautifully neat along Ungaro lines, and in seven different colours. Also long awaited are fine French striped jersey polo-necked, long-sleeved dresses in warm cyclamens and beiges.

Ken Scott, the marvellous American designer from Milan, has an exciting tie-up with Frank Usher next spring, using Ban-Lon. He first used this fabric in the summer, when his collection received a standing ovation at the Pitti Palace. Up till then, he'd always used silks, and now he supervises the printing of his designs on Ban-Lon and is immensely pleased with the results. His clothes are floating and gipsyish, with very fluid lines.

Grade One is opening this week in Kensington Church Street, W8 (WES 3036). They started off as a children's shop four years ago, making a few teenage and adult clothes. Now they've left the kids out altogether and the designer, Alistair Cowin, is doing two separate collections – one for wholesaling and one for the shop. Ivan Goujon and Jan Stevens are also stocked in a big way, and the clothes and prices are fabulous. Tenty trapeze dresses in plain or checked brushed rayon cost 59s 11d, corduroy trouser-suits £5 10s, little smock dresses about 42s 6d each, and silverised shifts £3. It's going to be one of those shops where you've just got to be the early bird to get it. Kensington Church Street looks like becoming bargain street – Saturday morning there is a frightening thought.

Overheard in a man's boutique, woman customer to salesman: "They're much too good for a man."

Looking through some beautiful old books on costume, it occurred to me that nothing is new . . . not really. There was a picture of a medieval knight in purple, red and silver; a French gent, *c* 1650, wearing horizontally striped stockings, a Chaucerian lady in a shift (on a horse), and a Renaissance bag very similar to the little evening purses around now. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Jillie Murphy (above), wearing a silver Lurex cat-suit with purple and green stripes from Early Bird. Jillie is a photographic stylist for David Montgomery. **Juliet Stratton** (below right), who would like to run a chalet in Switzerland and is now working as a temporary secretary until the opportunity arises. She is wearing a thick cotton lace-effect cream dress from Richard Shops. **Judy Done** (below left), wife of art director Ken Done, wearing a lace dress which she made out of a tablecloth.

Michael Pruskin (right), designer of stained glass lampshades (which are selling in a big way in America), is also a freelance dress designer. His brown corduroy jacket is French and comes from Colts of Hampstead, and his dark brown corduroy trousers were specially made for him.

John FitzGerald (below), legal adviser, wearing a chalk stripe navy suit from Austin Reed, blue striped shirt from Hall Bros, Oxford, and a navy spotted tie from S Fisher.

Sarah Shanahan (above), wearing a white suit with a long riding jacket, from Palisades.

Jacqueline Smith (below), works for Jacqueline Inchbald, principal of the Inchbald School of Design. She is wearing a mustard-coloured wool dress with a deep purple band around the neck, sleeves and patch-pockets, from Marrion Mcdonnell.

Juliet Dunn (above), wearing a kidling fur suit with a fur beret, in off-white, from Vaness Fur, which is also available from Juliet's new boutique in Beaconsfield, called Terraminta.

ONE WOMAN'S WARDROBE

This week – Mrs Mark Brocklehurst

Above: Red jersey-coat from Yves St Laurent; long black suede boots from Italy. Black fox-hood was a present from her husband. **Below:** Clear green jersey-dress from Wallis. Black Gucci bag tied with green and red Pucci scarf. **Bottom:** Black and white crepe 'jama suit, with mandarin collar. Susan Locke Boutique.

Above: Floral printed silk crepe evening dress in shades of blue, by Givenchy. Gold and turquoise Arthur King jewellery from New York (also available from Fortnum & Mason).

Liz Brocklehurst is 25 and the wife of stockbroker Mark Brocklehurst. Standing at 5 feet 3 inches, Mrs Brocklehurst has a wonderful child-like face, and rich, almost black hair, which she manages herself. She prefers not to go to the hairdressers, probably because she likes to wear her hair soft and casual, a look she says complements her wardrobe. During the day she wears skirts and sweaters or sleeveless dresses in jersey, which is a favourite fabric, and she likes them to be well cut and colourful. Every year Mrs Brocklehurst buys one or two coats and dresses from Paris, and for the rest of her wardrobe, she pays an average of £10 or £12. She doesn't particularly care for suits, but prefers dresses and coats that mix and match, mainly from Wallis in London. Her main dislike, she says, is the "twinset and pearl, practical look," and prefers her clothes to be casual, but modern, interesting and colourful. 'Jama suits are very much a favourite of hers for evenings at home and informal entertaining. She hates dressing "to be smart," wears gloves only if it is cold or if she feels she must, but loves to dress up for the evening. For such occasions, she wears long dresses with a short fur jacket or long evening coat, and jewellery if it suits the outfit. Her evening bags are usually small and beaded – for day, a Gucci style, often tied with a colourful scarf to add *panache* to her outfit. Mrs Brocklehurst has several pairs of slim-fitting boots, which she loves wearing, and her shoes (mainly from Charles' Jourdan) are in beige, black or brown, in high cut, plain styles, with a low squat heel. Although she has one or two hats which she likes, she seldom wears them, because she feels they make her appear top heavy. Mrs Brocklehurst has one child, Henry, aged five months, and her main interests are painting, travelling, dogs (she has two whippets), films and collecting furniture. At the moment she and her husband are decorating their new house in Holland Villas Road.

— Norma Moriceau.

Top: Evening glitter 'jama suit from Chanelle. **Above:** Heavy white wool-lace coat and skirt with intricate gold clip, worn with white silk skivvy, from Maxine Leighton. **Below:** Black wool coat with Prince of Wales check collar and buttons, worn over sleeveless matching check dress, with black band above hem, both from Wallis. Long black suede boots from Italy.

BEAUTIQUE

THE NEW IN-FASHION SERVICE . . . by Norma Moriceau

JUST PEACHY: Three additions to the Innoxa Living Peach products will be on sale this week. . . . **1.** A new cleansing cream at 15s 6d, which sinks right into the skin to leave a glowing effect. **2.** Living Peach Vitamin Beauty Mask, which improves large pores and sagging skins (for badly neglected complexions it cannot harm if you use it every day for a week); price is 17s 6d. **3.** Living Peach Conditioning cream to restore texture and elasticity to the skin. Price one guinea.

A FAR CRY: The first toothbrushes used by the Chinese in 1498 were a lot different to this new automatic toothbrush. It comes with six brushes (one for all

the family), makes cleaning teeth fun, and has the approval of dental researchers at Geneva University for bringing about cleaner and healthier teeth and gums. The cell-charged motor will run for 45 minutes (sufficient for two or three weeks' use in the average family) and can be recharged by plugging into an ordinary electric socket and leaving overnight. The price, complete with the six toothbrushes, is £7 1s 6d.

NATURE GIRL: *A face mask that does wonders for rejuvenating the skin is Masque Phytolida, by Lydia Dainow. Made entirely of natural fruit and vegetable juices rich in phytoactive extracts, the mask is applied in a thin film, left for 30 minutes to one hour, and is invisible, so it can be worn unseen in the house or while shopping. Price £3.*

FINAL POLISH: Here's something for girls who like that super-glowing look – Estee Lauder's Glow-in-the-Round. Applied in Natural or Evening Pink, Coral and Frost, it gives a glimmering gossamer sheen and is great for highlighting, too. Natural is priced at 42s 6d, and evening colours a little cheaper at 35s 9d.

THREE TO GET READY: *This is the name of the new Eylure compact kit with mirror, mascara, cake liner and a three-in-one brush . . . one end is an eyebrow comb, the other a mascara brush, and it opens in the centre to reveal an eyeliner brush. The compact is now on sale, price 10s 8d.*

ROSE-BUD MOUTH: A pretty idea to give mouths a soft rose-bud look is Germaine Monteil two-colour schemes, using their new Super-Lumium range of lip colours: **A.** For blue or mauve outfits, apply Starlet on the outside, Champagne Rose in the centre, and Rose Escaelle on the inside. **B.** For pink and orange outfits – first Tomango Coral, then Super Pink in the centre, and Croisiere on the inside. The price for all the Super Lumium range is the same: 11s 8d.

MOUTH PIECES: *Follow through a glitter outfit with Dorothy Gray's new gold lipstick. Called Lights Up Gold, it gives a burnished look to lips if worn over normal lipstick, or over their new range of lip colours called Glittering – Sand, Coral, Blush and Peach. The price for all of these, including the Gold, is 8s 6d at main stores.*

FREE MIRACLE: From now until 5 November at Marshall and Snelgrove . . . with every purchase of Germaine Monteil make-up a sample pot of their Bio-Miracle cream is given away free. The normal price is 159s.

WIDE EYED: New individual false eyelashes by Mary Quant are for both upper and lower lashes. They save painting-in lower lashes and give a more natural wide-eyed look. The price is 25s a set at main stores only.

Also new from Mary Quant comes a perfume atomiser (for her am and pm perfumes) that looks like a cigarette lighter. At main stores for three and a half guineas.

FRANKLY: *If your boy-friend/husband is looking more honest and open these days, it could be he is wearing false eyelashes. Introduced in America by Inga Borg, who declares that they give men with indiscriminate eyes a better, more trustworthy appearance. The false eyelashes are placed under the lashes and stay on even when swimming. Called Inga Lashes, they are exclusive to Harrods and Fenwick . . . at a price: five and 10 guineas.*

IN SUSAN DAPONTE

STYLE . . .

SUSAN DAPONTE is the daughter of banker Dino Daponte, and at 17 is one of this year's debs. She has a flawless, light-olive complexion and needs very little make-up. She likes a smooth, light, matt finish, with just the lightest emphasis on eyes and mouth.

Her base is Revlon's Touch and Glow, dusted with Lauder's loose powder.

She draws a fine line above the eyelashes, using Max Factor's block liner in dark brown, with two light applications of Revlon's black mascaramatic on her lashes. In the evening she wears silver-grey eyeshadow, but dislikes coloured shadows.

Susan likes her lips to be very understated and natural – she prefers the palest pink lip colours by Goya or Innoxa, as she finds that, for her, they are the only brands that don't change colour after application.

She finds the best cleanser for her skin is Germaine Monteil's face-wash and she uses it all the time.

To keep all her skin soft and smooth, Susan baths in Fenjal, because she finds it prevents dry blotches of skin on her arms and legs. Her favourite talc is Blue Grass, and she uses all Dior perfumes.

If you insist on a perfect fit, a fashionable cut, fabulous fabrics, then

It can only be Gor·Ray

Nicole. Hip sizes 36"—44". Price about 86/6d.

Shops and stores that stock *your* kind of clothes at *your* kind of price, stock Gor-Ray. For address of nearest stockist write to: Gor-Ray Ltd., 72 New Bond St. London, W.1.

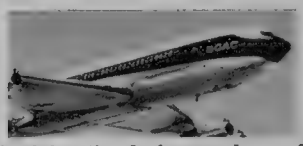
GOR·RAY SKIRTS ONE BETTER

ONLY COOL * COUPLES NEED APPLY

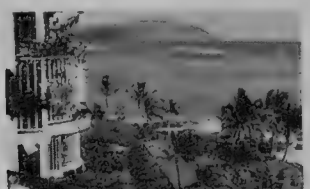
*THE KIND LONDON LIFE IS LOOKING FOR TO SEND TO HAWAII FOR 2 WEEKS

WHAT YOU WIN

The prize is 14 days for two on Hawaii. Hawaii will be really in the news when the winners are ready to fly to the sun. This year Julie Andrews (above), Richard Harris and the Swedish actor Max von Sydow have been there filming James A Michener's epic novel *Hawaii*. It will be released by United Artists as a New Year bonus in January.



Inspired by the lush grandeur of the film, the competition is devised to transport the winners from bleak February slush and snow right into the South Seas. This paradise is on the other side of the world, and a luxurious BOAC 707 Rolls-Royce jet is waiting to ensure a smooth, comfortable flight.



The winners stay in Kahala Hilton, opened only two years ago at Waikiki, and considered by the most experienced international travellers as one of the most beautiful hotels in the world.

Daks will provide two suits for the man and three for the girl: you choose colour and style. SHE will be able to choose the new Daks spring colours of apple green, crushed strawberry and apricot.

WHAT YOU DO

PLEASE read this carefully before you attempt to fill in the form. On the right is a list of a dozen qualities which the cool couple could possess. Using your skill and judgment select 10 and then place them, on the form provided, in what you consider to be their most meritorious order.

Thus, if you think that the ability to have an open mind about moral issues is the most important quality write letter J in the first space on the form. Remember the cool couple get the most out of life – on their own terms. *London Life* readers will possess the clues.

When you have completed your list, think of one other quality, not listed, and write it in the space provided.

In the event of a tie, the winner will be the person who, in the Editor's opinion, has submitted the most apt and original cool quality for No. 11.

You may submit as many entries as you please but only on the official form (below). Use ink or a ball point pen only.

The competition is open to all residents of the United Kingdom, except employees of *Illustrated Newspapers*, their families and anyone connected with the competition.

London Life will not enter into any correspondence. The Editor's decision is legal and binding.

Closing date for entries is 30 November 1966. All entries are free. And there will be another issue of *London Life* with an entry form.

AND WHERE YOU ENTER

A To have ambition.

B To be just as happy alone as with friends.

C To be calm under all circumstances.

D To entertain friends frequently at home.

E Never to allow personal tensions to surface in public.

F To know when not to wear mini-skirts and hipsters.

G To realise the precise value of ephemera.

H To have a varied record collection.

I To be at home in at least three restaurants.

J To have an open mind about moral issues.

K To be able to spend Saturday evening quietly.

L To want to travel as much and as far as possible.

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I agree to abide by the rules 3

NAME .....

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ADDRESS .....

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11 Cool is to .....

.....

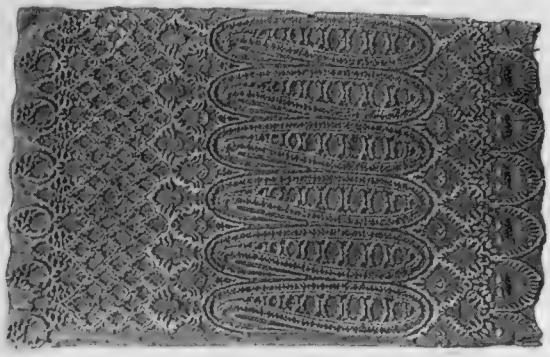
.....

Choose ten of the cool qualities above and list them in your order of importance in the spaces on the left. Then add an eleventh cool quality of your own in the space provided
Cut out the form and post it to

Cool Couple Contest
London Life
Elm House
Elm Street
London WC1

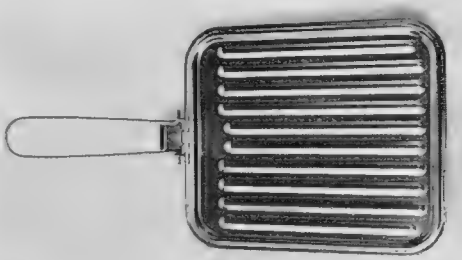
NEW THINGS

by Annabella Eatherley



Above left: New balancing toy which is almost impossible to tip off its stand however much you rock it. It is made in Japan and comes in the two sizes seen in the picture, 18s 6d and 15s. From the Home Ideas Department. Liberty. **Above right:** New, because although they have been used by Liberty to print their fabrics these blocks can now be bought as a decoration. The price and size varies from £6 10s up to £10. From the Home Ideas Department, Liberty.

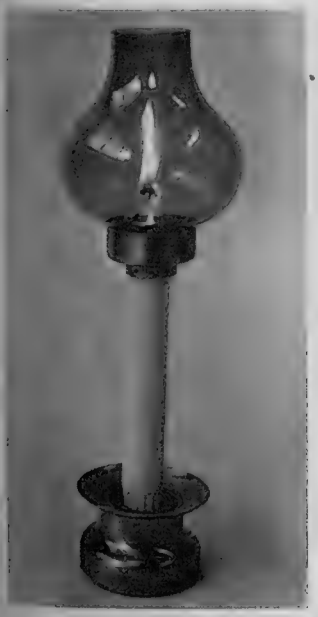
Above: New kitchen gadget – one of a new range from France. An egg cutter that provides an easy way to slice the top off an egg. From John Lewis and Peter Jones.



Above: New for grilling steaks or heating puddings quickly you can place this metal grill pan directly on to the gas fire or hot plate if you have electricity. Made in France, it costs 25s 9d, from John Lewis and Peter Jones.

Above: New decorations: Chicken, each one carved out of a single piece of wood and hand painted. From the Home Ideas Department, Liberty. **Below left:** New dining-room table candlestick protected by a glass globe which slides down as the candle burns. It stands about 12 inches high and costs 47s 9d. From John Lewis and Peter Jones.

Above: New transistor radiogram called a Mini Sterephono by Sharp. It combines a radio with AM and FM, and a record player with 33 and 45 speeds, and measures 10½ × 3 × 6½ inches. Available at Harrods for £31 10s 6d. **Below:** New cast-iron trivets for hot dishes: 15s 6d. From Home Ideas Dept., Liberty.



Above: New Johnson's Anti-Oxidant Spray is the new way of preventing photographer developer from oxidising on exposure to air. It seals off the contents. At most photographic shops, 6s a can.

WHY SHOULD YOU MEET MONSIEUR HENOCQ ?

Because if you are a gourmet, you will want to meet one of the world's foremost sommeliers. Because M. Henocq has spent most of his 82 years sharing his incomparable knowledge of winelore with the gourmet clientele of that famous Paris restaurant— The Grand Véfour.

And because – from November 7 – 12 – The Grand Véfour and its distinguished owner, Raymond Oliver, will be bringing M. Henocq and a superb gastronomic art to The Diplomat Restaurant in Mayfair. This is art, handed down through generations of bon viveurs, which has made the Grand Véfour menu the toast of Paris since 1760.

If you are a serious gourmet, you will note this as a must occasion. If you simply appreciate fine classic French cuisine with aptly matched wines, you will not miss the opportunity to explore new culinary perfection.

GRAND VÉFOUR WEEK NOVEMBER 7-12 AT

THE DIPLOMAT RESTAURANT

20 MOUNT ST, W1

(Reservations: MAYfair 3200)

CARDS TO HELP SOMEBODY'S FUTURE

Charity cards are now a popular and permanent feature of Christmas, but in the past they have often been difficult to track down. This year the situation is better. The 1959 Group of Charities, representing 19 organisations, has opened nine "supermarkets" in important shopping centres in and round London, where cards from 3d to 1s 6d can be chosen at leisure. Each charity has a separate display rack. The centres are: 6 Portman Square, W1; 17-19 Southampton Row, WC1; 21-23 Brompton Arcade, SW1; 43 High Street, Kensington, W8; 87 Church Street, NW8 (Saturdays only); 877 Finchley Road, Golders Green; 47 High Street, Guildford; 25 Market Place, Kingston-on-Thames; and 15a Market Place, St Albans. There are, of course, many other card-producing charities outside the Group, and some of their 1966 designs are also shown here

The Adoration of the Shepherds, by Guido Reni. One of eight cards, from 4d upwards, for Help the Aged, 139 Oxford Street. This one costs 15s for 12. A sample set of all eight cards costs 6s post free. Proceeds from the sale of these cards go to help aged refugees and the destitute in more than 50 areas of the world, as well as elderly people in this country who are in need.

The Madonna in Prayer, a detail from Velasquez's "Immaculate Conception." This card, in aid of the Mental Health National Appeal, 8 Wimpole Street, W1, price 8d, can be obtained from the 1959 group "supermarkets" listed above.

Children (above), one of 18 designs for the Save the Children Fund. This one costs 1s 6d. From SCF Christmas Cards, PO Box 20, Halesowen, or at 29 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

The Gifts (below), 3s for 6 from Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridges, Harrods and the Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, W1.

Father Christmas, designed by Marion Foster for the National Institute for the Deaf. 8s a dozen post free from NID, 105 Gower Street, WC1.

Triptych, by Memlinc (above), sold for the Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust. From the Secretary, 81 High Street, Battle, Sussex. 1s 3d. There are three other designs at 6d, 9d and 1s.

Three Angels (right), another "supermarket" card, also obtainable from the Children's Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, SE11. Price 1s.

By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen, Scotch Whisky Distillers, John Walker & Sons, Ltd.

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY 1966

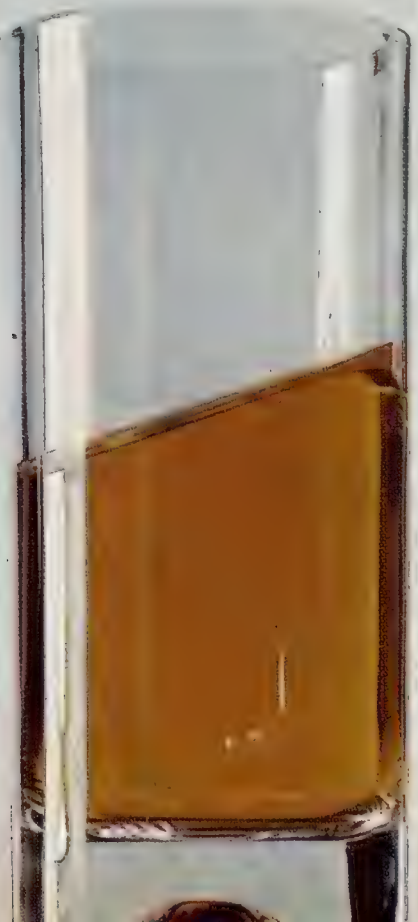
REMEMBER POPPY DAY

Johnnie Walker–strictly for whisky drinkers

How to cast a spell

Prepare your props like a professional. Get ready some easy chairs, a couple of low tables, several empty glasses, and a square bottle of Johnnie Walker.

As soon as your guests arrive, pour a generous nip into each glass. Then settle back and enjoy the magic. Abracadabra!



Only the Bahamas offer you so many sunny solutions to the currency restrictions problem . . . 700 islands in the sun—in the sterling area.

Meanwhile, back in the Bahamas, it's July. It always is. Winter? There's no such word. Here they prefer colourful words like 'summer'... a season twelve months long. Words like 'sea'... something warm and turquoise, fringed by pink powder sands and drenched with sun. Does the sun shine all the time? No. When it goes down, you go out. For a taste of exhilarating Bahamian nightlife. But be careful. You could become addicted. Then you'd have to return to the Bahamas year after year after year. Glorious prospect, isn't it?

BAHAMA ISLANDS

Leave London midday. Arrive in Nassau in time for a tropic dinner. You can do it any day by scheduled BOAC Super VC10—and now there are increased services to the Bahamas. Let your Travel Agent take care of everything for you. See him. Now.

The Bahamas sound like a dream come true. Please tell me more about them. Quick! TO: BAHAMAS MINISTRY OF TOURISM, 5 VIGO STREET, LONDON W1. TELEPHONE: REGENT 3594/5

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

LL 3/11

BRIDES OF THE WEEK

Miss Debbie McMurdo Brown (above), daughter of Mr and Mrs G McMurdo Brown of Rickmansworth, Herts, was married to Mr Patrick Burnham, son of Mr and Mrs Percy Burnham of Bookham, at St Michael's, Chenies, Bucks. *Photo: Photosport*
Miss Sacha Phillips (left), daughter of Colonel and Mrs Harold Phillips of Checkendon Court, Reading, was married to the Marquess of Hamilton, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn of Barons Court, Co Tyrone, at Westminster Abbey. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with other members of the Royal Family, were present. *Photo: Belgrave Press Bureau*

Miss Elizabeth Downs (above), only daughter of Mrs W Downs and stepdaughter of Mr W Downs of Weybridge, Surrey, was married to Mr David Fyson, only son of Mr and Mrs C C Fyson of Dunton Green, Kent, at St Paul's, Wilton Place. *Photo: Belgrave Press Bureau*
Miss Primrose Gilbert (left), daughter of Mr and Mrs John Gilbert of Oakwood Court, Kensington, was married to Mr Guy Barton, younger son of Mrs E W Barton and the late Mr C T Barton of Rothley, Leics, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*

Miss Antoinette Cass (above), daughter of the late Mr Louis Cass Jnr, and of Mrs Crane Wilson of Gloucestershire, was married to Mr Peter Isdell-Carpenter, son of Mr and Mrs Richard Isdell-Carpenter of Milford, Surrey, at St. Michael's, Chester Square. The bride wore a gown of white silk organza and her white tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. *Photo: Tom Hustler*

Miss Shireen Macniven (above), daughter of the late Mr Hugh Macniven, MBE, and Mrs Macniven of Kensington, was married to Mr Graham V Stoddart, youngest son of Mr and Mrs F B Stoddart of Funtington House, near Chichester, at St Columba's, Pont Street. *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*
Miss Ann Baker (right), only daughter of Mr and Mrs L C Baker of Shepherd's Bush, was married to Mr Allan Cunningham, son of Mrs Rose Cunningham of Fulham. They were married at Chiswick Old Church.

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 10 NOVEMBER

Film: Première of *Seconds* – John Frankenheimer's new film, starring Rock Hudson. Plaza.
Film: World première of *The Quiller Memorandum*, starring George Segal, Max von Sydow. Odeon. Leicester Square.

FRIDAY 11 NOVEMBER

Opera: Covent Garden season opens with performance of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. Royal Opera House. 7 pm.
Concert: American folk singer, Pete Seeger. Royal Festival Hall. 8 pm.

TUESDAY 15 NOVEMBER

Ballet: Covent Garden season opens with performances of *Serenade, The Rite of Spring* and first performance by the Royal Ballet of Stravinsky/Balanchine *Apollon Musagète*. Royal Opera House. 7.30 pm.

THURSDAY 17 NOVEMBER

Concert: London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Georg Solti. (To be televised.)

TUESDAY 22 NOVEMBER

Festival: 10th London Film Festival. National Film Theatre (until 9 December).

FRIDAY 25 NOVEMBER

Concert: Bach's B Minor Mass. Jacques Orchestra. Conductor: David Willcocks. Festival Hall. 8 pm.

SATURDAY 26 NOVEMBER

Concert: *Jazz at the Philharmonic*. Those taking part include Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Simms and T-Bone Walker. Festival Hall. 6.15 and 9 pm.
Exhibition: Retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings by L S Lowry. Tate Gallery (till 15 January).

WEDNESDAY 7 DECEMBER

Film: Gala charity première, in aid of Newspaper Fund, of *Is Paris Burning?* All-star cast includes Orson Welles. Plaza.

THURSDAY 8 DECEMBER

Film: Opening of new Cliff Richard musical, *Finders Keepers*. Odeon, Leicester Square.

WEDNESDAY 14 DECEMBER

Film: Gala première of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, starring Zero Mostel, Buster Keaton. Directed by Richard Lester. Odeon, Marble Arch (reopening for this film).

THURSDAY 15 DECEMBER

Opera: *Benvenuto Cellini* (Berlioz). First performance of new production. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

THEATRE

There is no *correct* way to produce Shakespeare, no *authentic* interpretation of any character – only tradition and convention. Therefore, I feel that sharp criticisms of the English Stage Company's *Macbeth* coming from people who entered the theatre bristling with pre-conceived ideas, which seemed to be based on the facts that Lady Macbeth is not hysterical, that night never comes, that the witches should not be coloured, that the stage is not deluged with spectacle and banners – these criticisms I feel are specious.

The stage is stripped of all decoration, though not for one moment could one call the sand-paper box in which it all takes place in any way artless. Throughout the lights blaze down; costumes are roughly plain (or plainly rough), the music restricted to trumpet and drum with a spiky oboe, the only realistic sound effect a thunder sheet. Spare and bare. And why not?

This stripping away of physical aids places tremendous strain on the actors. They alone can convince us of the

Kaye Ballard is tipped for the lead in West End revival of "Anything Goes."

blasted heath, the spooky castle, the bleeding moors of Scotland. Shakespeare's actors had to conjure night in daytime, but their style was far different from the cold, laconic style at the Royal Court.

Alec Guinness, in a staggering performance – his is an art that parallels Ponselle's seamless scale – achieves this conviction. When he says: "Come seeling night," the shades *do* seem to close about the stage. Lusty and untrusty at the beginning, white-haired and shambling at the end, his voice iron softened with a deceiving Scottish burr, he is completely gripping

It has got to be admitted that Simone Signoret's accent is no help for her assumption of Lady Macbeth and that she has not yet managed to project her voice for the theatre. But I see no reason why she should not quite quickly learn to speak out. Then this too will be a memorable performance. Static, brooding, hard and, above all, matter of fact, she taps her foot to summon the spirits that tend on mortal thought from beneath the earth, speaking urgently, huskily. No operatics here, but a chilling performance.

Maurice Roeves' ranting Macduff and Gordon Jackson's jolly, friendly, rough-diamond Banquo fit into the scheme admirably. The second half tends to get monotonous; that long English scene needs to be injected with some urgency.

roger baker

21 October 1966

WEST END

openings

Thurs 3 Nov: **WAY OUT IN PICCADILLY,** Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Authors: Ray Galton, Alan Simpson, Eric Sykes. Stars: Frankie Howerd, Cilla Black. 7.30. Subs: 8.0. W, T, Sat: 6.10, 8.45

Mon 7 Nov: **THE ISRAELI COMPANY OF MIME AND SONG,** New Arts, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Principal artists: Nehma Hendel and Juki Arkin. 7.30. Subs: 8.0. Sat: 5.0

Tues 8 Nov: **THE GENERAL'S TEA PARTY,** Jeanetta Cochrane, Southampton Row, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: Boris Vian. Translated by: Simon Watson Taylor. Dir: Michael Geliot. Cast: Richard Murdoch, Gwen Nelson. 7.0. Subs: 7.45. Until 19 Nov

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Andrew Cruickshank is the high court judge involved with the pretty wife of a man he's just sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Pungent revival of deliciously nasty comedy. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler stir the brew. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb. Ends 12 Nov

THE BED-SITTING ROOM, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars (CIT 7656). The original Spike Milligan show; written, directed and starring Spike. 6.10, 8.40. Opened 19 Oct. Ends 17 Dec

BIG BAD MOUSE, Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 6596). Eric Sykes and Jimmy Edwards in a play full of vast laughs. M-Th: 8.15, F and Sat: 6.15 and 8.45. Opened 17 Oct

BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, W1 (VIC 1317). It should make a fair television show, this. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

Zena Walker is in Anouilh's "The Fighting Cock," removed from the Chichester Festival to the Duke of York's

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Peter Byrne (TV's Andy Crawford) juggles old school friend, three air hostesses and eccentric maid in and out of various doors. 8.0 (ends 10.10) W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Anna Neagle singing and dancing; Joe Brown and Hy Hazell ditto in a summertime Cinderella fable. 7.30 (ends 10.10). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, W1 (WHI 6692). Danny La Rue changes his drag a dozen times but Barbara Windsor does get a look in during the high camp routines. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May

Sir Alec Guinness plays the title role in "Macbeth," with a soft Scottish accent at the Royal Court Theatre

THE FIGHTING COCK, Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). John Clements and Sarah Badel in elegant Anouilh from the Chichester Festival. 8.0. Th Mat: 2.45. Sat Mat: 5.0

FOUR DEGREES OVER, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Oxford revue. 8.30 (ends 10.35). Sat Mat: 6.0 (ends 8.5). Opened 15 Sept

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8106). The transatlantic bombshell has become a touch cosy with Dora Bryan wow-wow-wowing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

JORROCKS, New, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Joss Ackland makes an endearing hero in a colourful and appealing musical. 8.0 (ends 10.45). T and Sat Mats: 4.15 (ends 7.0). Opened 22 Sept

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 2443). Hermione Baddeley is now the radio actress who loses her part, and Andrée Melly her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Extended bedroom farce with the delectable Glynis Johns playing Anne of Cleves to Keith Michell's Henry VIII. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 25 July

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Coral Browne sweeps devastatingly through a slice of Beaton-designed Wilde. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 13 Oct.

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick and Barry Foster in an admired English version of a Sardou comedy. 8.30 (ends 10.40). W and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 26 July

LONDON LAUGHS, Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). London is actually a bit more sophisticated than this, but Jimmy Tarbuck is engaging, Harry Secombe is booming and Anita Harris swinging. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Opened 6 May

LOOT, Criterion, Piccadilly (WHI 3216). Charles Marowitz directs Joe Orton's controversial comedy. 8.15. Th and Sat 6.0, 8.45

MACBETH, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). English Stage Company. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Alec Guinness, Simone Signoret, Gordon Jackson, Maurice Roeves. 7.30. Sat Mat: 3.0. Opened 20 Oct. Ends 19 Nov

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West End, WC3 (TEM 1171). After 14 years, still a mystery. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30)

THE ODD COUPLE, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Neil Simon's hilarious study of two husbands sharing a flat. 8.0 (ends 10.5). Th Mat: 2.30 (ends 4.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (ends 10.35). Opened 12 Oct

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 3028). Vanessa Redgrave until Sat then Anna Massey. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May

THE RIVALS, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Ralph Richardson and Margaret Rutherford in some stylish Sheridan. 7.45 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.45). Opened 6 Oct

Peter Sallis assumes many voices as the arch-villain of "Wait Until Dark," still at the Strand Theatre

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Musical version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Conventional in harmony and style, but as comfortable as hot chocolate at bedtime. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Ian Carmichael and Patrick Cargill have woman trouble, not aided by the insufficiencies of the telephone. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). The hills are alive with it, and not only that, they've been alive since 18 May 1961. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Ends 14 Jan

SPRING AND PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 2663). Bill Naughton's study of a family rebelling against the heavy father, who is Alfred Marks. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

Glenda Jackson plays a decisive part in the Royal Shakespeare Company's Viet Nam drama "U S" at the Aldwych

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Barbara Ferris is a sweet little Chelsea bird who meets Donald Sinden, an up-stage cookery writer. Very funny and sharp. 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June

WAIT UNTIL DARK, Strand, Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Honor Blackman returns to the stage as the blind wife of a photographer involved in dope-peddling. 7.45 (ends 10.5). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.50); 8.30 (ends 10.50). Opened 27 July

REPERTORY

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 3, T 8, W 9 Nov: A FLEA IN HER EAR by Sardou. Prototype in-and-out-of-doors farce. Th Mat: 2.15 (ends 4.45). 7.30 (ends 10.0)

F 4, Sat 5 Nov: LOVE FOR LOVE. Peter Wood's golden production of Congreve's flawed classic. 7.30 (ends 10.15). Sat Mat: 2.15 (ends 5.0)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 3, Sat 5 Nov: STAIRCASE by Charles Dyer. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Scofield, Patrick Magee. 7.30. Sat Mat: 2.30

F 4 Nov: DAYS IN THE TREES by Marguerite Duras. Peggy Ashcroft in virtuoso performance. 7.30 (ends 10.5)

M 7-W 9 Nov: U S by Dir: Peter Brook, Des: Sally Jacobs, Music: Richard Peaslee, Lyrics: Adrian Mitchell, Original Text: Denis Cannan. 7.30

OUT OF TOWN

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789-2271). Th 3, M 7, W 9 Nov: TWELFTH NIGHT. Diana Rigg dons boy's clothes as Viola in Clifford Williams's aromatic production. 7.30. Th: 2.0

Th 3 Nov: HENRY IV PART I. 7.30

F 4 Nov: HENRY IV PART II. 7.30

Sat 5, W 9 Nov: HAMLET. Further chances to see David Warner's contemporary interpretation and Peter Hall's exciting production. Sat: 7.30. W: 2.30

Sat 5 Nov: HENRY V. The stature of Ian Holm's performance far exceeds his lack of inches. 2.0

T 8 Nov: THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY by Tourneur. Macabre and mayhem, with Ian Richardson and Brenda Bruce. 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbank, Guildford (0483-60191). Until Sat 5 Nov: NIGHT IS FOR DELIGHT. A revue with Lance Percival, Prunella Scales, Elisabeth Welch, Patsy Ann Noble. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

From T 8 Nov: DEAR CHARLES. Author: Alan Melville. Dir: Alexander Doré. Cast: Sophy Stewart in the role created by Yvonne Arnaud, with Joan Hickson. Ellis Irving. 7.45

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). WHITE HORSE INN. Until Sat 5 Nov: 7.30. Sat Mat: 3.0

RELATIVE VALUES. From T 8 Nov: 7.45

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). MARLENE DIETRICH ENTERTAINS. Until Sat 5 Nov: 8.30. Th and Sat Mats: 6.0

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. From M 7 Nov: 7.30

INTIMATE, Green Lane, Palmer's Green, N13 (PAL 3798). THE BOY FRIEND. 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

NEW, High Street, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). A FRIEND INDEED. Until Sat 5 Nov: 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.15, 8.0

THE CREEPER. From Mon 7 Nov: 7.45

PALACE, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (92-25671). THE GENTLE AVALANCHE. Until Sat 5 Nov: 7.45. Sat. Mat: 4.45

AS DOROTHY PARKER ONCE SAID . . (World première). From T 8 Nov: 7.45

QUEEN'S, Hornchurch, Essex (49-43333). MISALLIANCE. 8.0. Th Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

RICHMOND, The Green, Richmond (RIC 0088). WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? Until Sat 5 Nov: 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 8.15

GIVE LIKE FUN, with Irene Handl. From M 7 Nov: 7.45.

TOWER, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). THE THREE SISTERS. F 4-Sun 6, W 9 Nov: 7.30

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor, Berks (95-61107). THE COCKTAIL PARTY, with Hugh Burden, Joyce Carey. Until 5 Nov: Th: 2.30, 7.30. F: 8.0. Sat: 4.45, 8.0

WIMBLEDON, SW19 (WIM 5211). ACCUSATION. 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15. (M 7 Nov: Jerry Lee Lewis. 6.30, 8.45)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). IN THE MATTER OF J ROBERT OPPENHEIMER, with Robert Harris, Paul Hardwick. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

LITTLE ANGEL MARIONETTE THEATRE, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross St, N1 (CAN 1787). THE MARSH KING'S DAUGHTER. Sat 5 Nov: 3.0, 5.0. Sun 6 Nov: 3.0. A special show for the very young. Sat: 11.0

MOUNTVIEW, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). HENRY IV PART II. Until Sat 5 Nov: 8.0

PLAYERS, Villiers Street, Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS – Victorian music hall. M and T: 8.0. W-Sat: 9.0

VANBRUGH, Malet Street, WC1 (LAN 7982). THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK. Th 3-Sun 6 Nov: 2.30 and 7.30. Sun: 7.30 only

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DISTILLERS · PITLOCHRY

FILMS

Some talents get buried in the depths of mediocre screenplays. Their growth is blunted, and no room left for improvement. Others give something to a film, enough to warrant further interest, but not enough to make them first-level actors or technicians. Others, like Russell Metty, colour cameraman, and Marlon Brando, add so much to a film in warmth, stature and emotional involvement that they increase its impact fivefold.

Both Brando and Metty are indispensable parts of a very impressive Western called *Southwest to Sonora* (A, Leicester Square Theatre, currently), which gives Metty a field day with the hot, baking browns of the desert, the yellow expanse of a cornfield and the humid menace of an outlaw town south of the border, painted in the blacks of dark corners and the browns of buildings and old furniture.

Brando himself, almost unrecognisable at the start beneath a mass of whiskers, is a buffalo hunter whose prized Appaloosa stallion is stolen by an evil, sadistic band of

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn renew old acquaintance in William Rose's new screen comedy "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?"

Mexican brigands. His venture into their town to regain the horse provides the centrepiece of tension that rises to a crescendo in a battle of strength between the captive Brando and the bandit leader (thoughtfully played by John Saxon, all flashing smile and innate insecurity), with two scorpions waiting to greet the arm which fails first.

The direction is recognisably in the hands of Sidney J Furie, forever peering through things, or from behind some vantage point. But the objects in the foreground are usually intrinsic to the plot, like a part of the horse, and prove more effective than one might imagine. Only the ending, unaccountably shot in snow, proves ineffectual, and provides the villain with a somewhat undignified death.

The very best of the film, and the epitome of what one feels everyone was trying to achieve, comes in a short sequence involving the death of an old goat farmer (vividly portrayed by Frank Silvera) which one takes somehow as intensely personal. The scene with Brando hunched in purple cloak behind the makeshift grave and crooked cross topped with goat's skull is a breathtaking set piece that stirs up thoughts of Hamlet and Yorick.

david quinlan

OPENING

ALVAREZ KELLY (A). A meandering, but off-beat Western, set at the time of the American Civil War, about rivalry between the Union Army and the Confederates over a great herd of cattle owned by Alvarez Kelly, an Irish-Mexican rancher. (William Holden, Richard Widmark, Janice Rule, Patrick O'Neal. Dir: Edward Dmytryk. Col. 110 min.) **London Pavilion,** Piccadilly Circus. GER 2982. Opens Th 3 Nov

LILITH (X). The last film made by the director Robert Rossen before his death, is adapted from a novel by J R Salamanca. Jean Seberg gives an intelligent portrayal of a young schizophrenic in a private sanatorium. Warren Beatty is unconvincing as her therapist, whom she seduces. Fine muted photography, by the great Schuftan, effectively evokes Lilith's twilight world. (Peter Fonda. 110 min.) **International Film Theatre,** Westbourne Grove. BAY 2345. Opens Sun 6 Nov

ROMEO AND JULIET (U). A straightforward record of Kenneth MacMillan's ballet, with music by Prokofiev, featuring Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. Magnificent costumes and settings. (Col. 126 min.) **Astoria,** Charing Cross Road. GER 5385. Opens Th 3 Nov

THE ROUND-UP (X). An austere and visually arresting Hungarian film, which makes admirable use of the wide screen, made by a director who until now was unknown here, Miklós Jancsó. The film is set after a popular uprising against the Hapsburgs in the 19th century, in a deserted prison camp in the middle of a Hungarian plain. (János Görbe, Tibor Molnar. 94 min.) **Academy One,** Oxford Street. GER 2981. Opens Th 3 Nov

WEST END

AFTER THE FOX (U). Peter Sellers and his gang assume the guise of a film crew to smuggle in a cargo of stolen gold under police protection. Sellers easily outshines a dull supporting cast. (Col. 102 min.) **Prince Charles,** Leicester Place. (GER 8181)

ALFIE (X). Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie, devoutly dedicated to a love life that is intensive, uncommitted and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed. (Col. 114 min.) **Classic,** Piccadilly Circus. GER 2280. 2.35, 5.49, 9.3. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 2.9, 5.23, 8.37

BALTHAZAR (A). Film of eloquent simplicity about the life of a donkey as he passes from owner to owner over the years, surrounded by the corrupt inhabitants of a remote village. (Francis Lafarge, Nathalie Joyaut. 90 min.) With: *Le Baron de l'Ecluse* (A). **Cameo-Poly,** Upper Regent Street. LAN 1744. 2.42, 5.54, 9.6. Sun: 5.37, 8.54

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. (Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Robert Ryan. (Col. 163 min.) **Warner,** Leicester Square. GER 3423. 12.50, 4.20, 7.50. Sat only: 11.25 pm. Sun: 3.50, 7.25

THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING (U). Covers from the Creation to the story of Abraham and Isaac. John Huston's direction is uneven, but the Noah sequence, in which he himself plays Noah, is quite delightful and amusing, though the animals really steal the show. (Michael Parks, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, George C Scott. Col. Cinerama. 175 min.) **Coliseum Cinerama,** St Martin's Lane. TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.30, 7.30

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard plays an unscrupulous German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal in the Kaiser's air force. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) **Metropole,** Victoria. VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

CALIFORNIA HOLIDAY (U). Yet another Presley film, this time with Elvis as a pop singer who wanders about the countryside with a band that includes a girl drummer. (Shelley Fabares, Deborah Walley. Col. 93 min.) **Jacey,** Marble Arch. MAY 6396. 12.50, 2.45, 4.50, 6.53, 8.57. Sun: 4.50, 6.53, 8.57

DARLING . . . (X). Director John Schlesinger attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life but succeeds only in a rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde. (127 min.) **Windmill,** Great Windmill Street. GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean. Omar Sharif smoulders as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie is unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin. Col. 193 min.) **Empire,** Leicester Square. GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

FANNY HILL (A, London). Carry-On-level version of the bawdy novel. Letitia Roman is a winsome Fanny. The dubbed dialogue is tonelessly spoken. (Alex D'Arcy, Miriam Hopkins. 96 min.) With: *How to Keep the Red Lamp Burning* (X). **Continentale,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 4193

GEORGY GIRL (X). A gay, voguishly directed piece about a plump, unattractive young girl. Lynn Redgrave gives a touching, sympathetic performance. (James Mason, Alan Bates, Charlotte Rampling. 99 min.) **Carlton,** Haymarket. WHI 3711. 1.45, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.0

GOAL! WORLD CUP 1966 (U). The screen record of the complete 1966 World Cup series, in Technicolor. Stylish but unexciting. (Col. 108 min.) **Columbia,** Shaftesbury Avenue. REG 5414. 12.35, 3.15, 6.0, 8.50. Sat only: 11.50 pm. Sun: 3.30, 6.10, 8.55

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION (U). William Wyler's first comedy since *Roman Holiday,* with Audrey Hepburn delicious as an art thief bent on acquiring a Cellini nude, and Peter O'Toole as an elegant detective who becomes her partner in crime. (Col. 123 min.) **Rialto,** Coventry Street. GER 3488. 1.18, 3.44, 6.10, 8.36. Sat only: 11.33 pm. Sun: 3.28, 5.57, 8.27

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier, the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) **Casino,** Old Compton Street. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40. Sun: 3.28, 5.57, 8.27

THE LIQUIDATOR (A). Variation on the espionage theme, but the low-comedy dialogue gives Rod Taylor and Trevor Howard little chance to make anything of such unsubtle surroundings. The girls are woefully weak. (Col. 104 min.) **Ritz,** Leicester Square. GER 1234. 12.30, 2.40, 4.50, 7.0, 9.10. Sat only: 11.36 pm. Sun: 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.0

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along in commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited though rather inadequate Liza. Great vitality, but played just a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway. Col. 185 min.) **Studio One,** Oxford Street. GER 3300. 1.0, 4.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.40, 7.0

THE PAWNBROKER (X). Sol Nazerman, a pawnbroker, owns a seedy little shop and is haunted by the memory of the time he spent in a concentration camp. Rod Steiger, in a remarkable performance, gives the film some ring of truth. (Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters. 115 min.) **Odeon Haymarket.** WHI 2738. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.15, 8.15. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of children and singing nuns. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood and Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) **Dominion,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

SOUTHWEST TO SONORA (A). Russell Metty, colour cameraman on *The War Lord,* scores again in this very fine Western which has Marlon Brando as a buffalo hunter who beards a gang of Mexican outlaws in their lair to regain his treasured Appaloosa stallion. (Anjanette Comer, John Saxon. Col. 98 min.) **Leicester Square Theatre.** WHI 5252

THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED (X). Opened out for the screen, Tennessee Williams's play has lost most of its force. James Wong Howe's photography is effectively atmospheric. (Robert Redford, Natalie Wood, Mary Badham. Col. 112 min.) **Plaza,** Piccadilly Circus. WHI 8944. 1.17, 3.42, 6.12, 8.42. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 3.2, 5.32, 8.12. Ends 9 Nov

1,000 CLOWNS (A). Jason Robards Jnr plays a sensitive writer trying to escape from the hypocrisy of a television career, and Barbara Harris gives a delicious performance as a young social worker with whom he becomes involved. (Martin Balsam. 117 min.) With: *The Railrodder* (U). **Academy Two,** Oxford Street. GER 5129. Pgm: 12.55, 3.25, 6.0, 8.40. Sun: 5.30, 8.0

THE WAR IS OVER (X). Alain Resnais's latest investigation into the past and present, which caused such controversy at Cannes. A veteran of the Spanish Civil War (Yves Montand) dwells on the effect the past has had on him. (Ingrid Thülin. 121 min.) With: *Morianna* (X). **Berkeley,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 8150

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY? (A). A frantic comedy, occasionally wearing a little thin. A war-weary company of GIs find difficulty with an Italian community all too willing to surrender. Dick Shawn and James Coburn give thoroughly agreeable performances. (Col. 114 min.) **Odeon Leicester Square.** WHI 6111

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (X). A middle-aged couple engage in violent, utterly destructive quarrels in which they ruthlessly tear at one another's weaknesses. Well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (George Segal, Sandy Dennis. 132 min.) **Curzon,** Curzon Street. GRO 3737. 12.50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.35. Fri and Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10

GENERAL RELEASE

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

* *Sunday programme differs*

Acton Granada. 47.
Baker Street Classic. 13, 27.
Bayswater ABC. 32.
Belmont Essoldo. 15, 21.
Brixton Classic. 16.
***Brixton Granada.** 21.
***Camberwell Grand.** 21, 37.
Camden Town Plaza. 35.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 24.
Chelsea Classic. 20, 26.
Chelsea Essoldo. 5, 33.
***Croydon Classic.** 22.
Crystal Palace Granada. 15.
Dalston Classic. 3, 48.
Deptford Odeon. 15.
Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman. 45.
Ealing Walpole. 33.
East Ham Granada. 46.
Edgware Road ABC. 50.
Edgware Road Gala Royal. 9.
Eltham Hill Gaumont. 21.
Finchley Rex. 7.
Fulham Road ABC. 50.
Golders Green Ionic. 4, 46.
Hackney Essoldo. 2, 21.
Hammersmith Broadway. 33.
Hampstead Classic. 25.
Hampstead Everyman. 29, 34.
Harringay Curzon. 39.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 18.
Hendon Gala. 23.
Hendon Gaumont. 33.
Highams Park Regal. 21, 46.
Hornchurch Odeon. 15.
Kilburn Classic. 8.
Kilburn Grange. 33.
New Victoria. 51.
Notting Hill Classic. 10, 30.
Notting Hill Gaumont. 33.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 17.
Piccadilly Jacey. 40.
Praed Street Classic. 23.
Putney Globe. 41.
Queensbury Essoldo. 15, 21.
Raynes Park Rialto. 43, 44.
South Harrow Odeon. 33.
Southfields Plaza. 6, 44.
Stepney Odeon. 35, 36, 52.
Stockwell Classic. 11.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 1, 37.
Tooting Astoria. 6, 25.
Tooting Classic. 38.
Victoria Biograph. 7, 31.
Victoria Cameo. 12, 42.
Wandsworth Road Granada. 15.
Waterloo Station Classic. 14.
Watford Carlton. 21.
Watford Essoldo. 49.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 19, 28.

ADVENTURE

1 **Born Free** (U). Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum
2 **Kingdom of Violence** (A). Mark Damon. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo
3 **North-West Frontier** (U). Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall. Fri, three days: Dalston Classic

COMEDIES

4 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine. Sun, seven days: Golders Green Ionic
5 **Battle of the Sexes** (U). Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo. With: Up the Creek (U)
6 **Carry On Screaming** (A). Harry H Corbett. Sun, six days (not Tues): Southfields Plaza, Tooting Astoria
7 **Dear Heart** (A). Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page. Fri, seven days: Finchley Rex. Mon, three days: Victoria Biograph
8 **Divorce, Italian Style** (A). Marcello Mastroianni. Fri, seven days: Kilburn Classic. With: Lady from Shanghai (A)
9 **The Great Race** (U). Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon. Edgware Road Gala Royal
10 **How to Murder Your Wife** (A). Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi. Fri, seven days: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
11 **I'm All Right, Jack** (U). Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael. Fri, seven days: Stockwell Classic. With: Two-Way Stretch (U)
12 **The Ladykillers** (U). Alec Guinness. Sun, four days: Victoria Cameo
13 **Sex and the Single Girl** (A). Natalie Wood. Fri, seven days: Baker Street Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
14 **What a Way to Go!** (A). Shirley MacLaine. Fri, seven days: Waterloo Station Classic

DOCUMENTARY

15 **Goal! World Cup 1966** (U). Fri, seven days: Deptford Odeon, Hornchurch Odeon, Crystal Palace Granada, Wandsworth Road Granada. Sun, six days (not Mon): Belmont Essoldo, Queensbury Essoldo
16 **Karamoja** (A). Fri, seven days: Brixton Classic: With: Drops of Blood (X)
17 **Our Incredible World** (X). Oxford Street Cinephone
18 **Tabu** (X). Fri, seven days: Harrow Road Prince of Wales

DRAMA

19 **. . . And So to Bed** (X). Hildegarde Neff. Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre
20 **Ballad of a Soldier** (A). Vladimir Ivashov. Fri 4 Nov, 11.15 pm only: Chelsea Classic
21 **Cul-de-Sac** (X). Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac. Until Sat: Belmont Essoldo, Camberwell Grand, Queensbury Essoldo. Sun, six days (not Wed): Hackney Essoldo. Sun, seven days: Highams Park Regal. Fri, seven days: Eltham Hill Gaumont, Watford Carlton. Mon, five days: Brixton Granada
22 **Exodus** (A). Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint. Fri, six days (not Sun): Croydon Classic
23 **Fanny Hill** (A, London). Letitia Roman, Miriam Hopkins. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. Fri, seven days: Praed Street Classic
24 **Gift** (X). Soren Stromberg, Sisse Reingaard. Charing Cross Road Jacey
25 **The Hill** (X). Sean Connery. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. Fri, seven days: Hampstead Classic
26 **Judgment at Nuremburg** (A). Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift. Fri, seven days: Chelsea Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
27 **Léon Morin, Prêtre** (X). Jean-Paul Belmondo. Fri 4 Nov, 11.15 pm only: Baker Street Classic
28 **Lilith** (X). Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg. Sun, seven days: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre
29 **Nazarin** (A). Francisco Rabal. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman
30 **Paris Nous Appartient** (A). Fri 4 Nov, 11.15 pm only: Notting Hill Classic
31 **Rattle of a Simple Man** (X). Harry H Corbett, Diane Cilento. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph
32 **The Servant** (X). Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles. Fri, seven days: Bayswater ABC. With: Billy Liar! (A)
33 **Suddenly, Last Summer** (X). Elizabeth Taylor, Katharine Hepburn. Fri, seven days: Ealing Walpole, Hendon Gaumont, Kilburn Grange, Notting Hill Gaumont, South Harrow Odeon, Hammersmith Broadway. Sun, seven days: Chelsea Essoldo. With: The Grip of Fear (X)
34 **Viridiana** (X). Silvia Pinal. Mon, seven days: Hampstead Everyman

HORROR

35 **The Projected Man** (X). Bryant Haliday, Mary Peach. Fri, seven days: Camden Town Plaza. With: Passport to Hell (X)
36 **Rasputin, the Mad Monk** (X). Christopher Lee. Mon, four days: Stepney Odeon
37 **Tarantula** (X). John Agar. Sun, seven days: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man (X). Mon, three days: Camberwell Grand. With: Son of Dracula (X)

MUSICALS

38 **Blue Hawaii** (U). Elvis Presley, Angela Lansbury. Fri, seven days: Tooting Classic
39 **The Eddy Duchin Story** (U). Tyrone Power, Kim Novak. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon
40 **The Kinky Darlings** (X). Piccadilly Jacey. With: Image of Love (X)
41 **West Side Story** (U). Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer. Fri, seven days: Putney Globe

THRILLERS

42 **Dead Image** (A). Bette Davis, Karl Malden. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo
43 **Kaleidoscope** (U). Warren Beatty, Susannah York. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto
44 **The Liquidator** (A). Rod Taylor. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. Sun, seven days: Raynes Park Rialto
45 **The Sleeping Car Murders** (X). Yves Montand, Simone Signoret. Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman

WAR

46 **Battle of the Bulge** (A). Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic, Highams Park Regal. Fri, seven days: East Ham Granada

WESTERNS

47 **The Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen. Fri, seven days: Acton Granada
48 **The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance** (U). James Stewart, John Wayne, Lee Marvin. Mon, four days: Dalston Classic

PRE-RELEASE

49 **My Fair Lady** (U). Rex Harrison, Audrey Hepburn. From Fri: Watford Essoldo (for a season)
50 **The Naked Prey** (A). Cornel Wilde. Fri, seven days: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC
51 **Where the Bullets Fly** (A). Tom Adams, Dawn Addams. Thurs, seven days: New Victoria

STOP PRESS

52 **Sands of the Kalahari** (A). Stuart Whitman, Stanley Baker. Fri, three days: Stepney Odeon

FILMS IN FLIGHT

AIR FRANCE. To New York: Moment to Moment (Jean Seberg, Sean Garrison, Honor Blackman. Dir: Mervyn LeRoy). To Los Angeles and Montreal: A Man Could Get Killed (James Garner, Melina Mercouri. Dir: Cliff Owen). To Washington: Arabesque (Sophia Loren, Gregory Peck. Dir: Stanley Donen). Until 8 Oct
PAN-AM. All flights. Until 4 Nov: Lt Robin Crusoe, USN (Dick van Dyke. Dir: Byron Paul). From 5 Nov: Rings Around the World

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: THE SANDWICH MAN (U). A series of farcical sketches, linked by Michael Bentine's sandwich man, who giggles at each mishap and moves on to the next. Mostly amazingly unfunny with star comedy players outshone by a runaway motor mower. (Dora Bryan, Terry-Thomas, Norman Wisdom, Stanley Holloway – *above*. Col. 91 min.) With: **They're A Weird Mob** (U), Ends Th 10 Nov

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: AFTER THE FOX (U). Peter Sellers – *above* – and his gang assume the guise of a film unit to smuggle in a cargo of stolen gold under police protection. Sellers adopts a number of disguises and easily outshines a dull supporting cast. (Victor Mature, Britt Ekland, Martin Balsam, Akim Tamiroff. Dir: Vittorio de Sica. Col. 102 min.) With: **City Of Fear** (A). Ends Th 10 Nov

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: THE IDOL (X). A rambling, and supposedly significant piece about an American art student in London who becomes involved in an affair with his friend's mother. Jennifer Jones makes a come-back as the mother. London locations are pleasant enough. (Michael Parks, John Leyton, Jennifer Hilary – *above*. Dir: Daniel Petrie. 111 min.) With: **The Skull** (X). Ends Th 10 Nov

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: SEE YOU IN HELL, DARLING (X). Crime story about a television personality (Stuart Whitman) and the sordid and violent tangle into which he is drawn. Directed with little flair by Robert Gist. A collection of mediocre performances. (Eleanor Parker – *above* – Janet Leigh, Barry Sullivan, Lloyd Nolan. Col. 103 min.) With: **Chamber of Horrors** (X). Ends Th 10 Nov

music

THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET'S appearance at Chatham two weeks ago confirmed that its main fault of late appears to be one of group alienation. Wherein the trouble lies is not so obvious; certainly Brubeck's ability to span a wide range of keyboard effects is no enigma. Perhaps drummer Joe Morello, bassist Eugene Wright, and alto-saxophonist Paul Desmond know the answer. Individually, they're superb, but as an ensemble they too often wander, particularly in solo-dominated jazz numbers. Just how long this is to persist we shall see on Wednesday, when Brubeck appears at Fairfield Hall, Croydon.

Fou Ts'ong (right), *whose Chopin piano recital at the Royal Festival Hall on Sunday should prove a sell-out, is a remarkable man. Last week he had promised to appear in a charity concert at Camden Town Hall – and then came the confirmation from China that his parents had committed suicide following persecution from Chinese Red Guards. But Fou Ts'ong agreed to continue with his appearance, the proceeds of which went to the World Refugee Organisation.*

"Pure, supple and determined voice," wrote *Figaro* of Nehama Hendel when she appeared in Paris. She was described as having an affinity to Joan Baez, and "a sensitive intelligence that is very rare today." With pantomime artist Juki Arkin, Miss Hendel appears with the Israel Company of Mime and Song at the Arts Theatre, beginning a two-week season from Monday. This will be her only appearance in Europe this year.

Polish-born Krzysztof Penderecki, at 33, is one of Europe's foremost modern composers, and his latest excursion into the avant-garde *spectrum is his* Passion and Death of Jesus Christ According to St Luke. *A London performance is rumoured for early next year. The remarkable thing about Penderecki's* Passion, *apart from its wide musical range (Gregorian chants to 12-tone epistles), is his unique notation* (left), *which is becoming more and more accepted by the modernists. Prepare yourself – the cricket stumps mean tap the chair; the mallet symbol: use a mallet; the herring-bone: to rub; the ticks: to saw; the thick line: tone clusters; the triangles: high and low notes. Which makes me thankful that the good old-fashioned crotchet and quaver was all the rage when I went to music school.*

I've just come across a find which will interest all organ-lovers. Mr Cecil Clutton, of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors, has discovered the pipework of an organ which was originally part of an instrument built by Renatus Harris for St Dionis Backchurch in 1722. He realised this was just what was needed for the organ which the Merchant Taylors were thinking of acquiring. The pipes have now been fitted – and on Tuesday the first of a series of recitals was held in the Merchant Taylors' Hall.

Between now and next month, Sadler's Wells Opera are coming up with four revivals (The Rake's Progress, Samson and Delilah, Madam Butterfly *and* The Thieving Magpie), *plus the world première of Malcolm Williamson's* Violins of Saint-Jacques. *In the first revival, Stravinsky's* Rake, *on Tuesday 8 November, Alexander Young* (right) *returns to the name-role – which he first sang in 1962. Conducting will be Bryan Balkwill, who makes his* Rake *début this season.*

Some of our more august music institutions are charging 1s or 1s 6d for programmes that are often nothing more than glorified cast-lists padded-out with advertisements. So I welcome the Law Society's bold enterprise in distributing a most comprehensive programme for their recitals – free of charge. And if you're a Subscription Ticket-holder, you can meet the artists after the recital and drink free wine.

ian woodward

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 3 Nov: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: David Zinman. Soloist: Christopher Eschenbach, piano. 8.0
F 4 Nov: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Charles Dutoit. Soloist: Malcuzynski, piano. 8.0
Sun 6 Nov: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Eugene Ormandy. 7.30
T 8 Nov: New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Soloist: Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. 8.0
W 9 Nov: BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus and Choral Society. Conductor: Mario Rossi. Soloists: Margaret Price, Jean Allister, Robert Tear, Michael Langdon. 8.0

FAIRFIELD HALL, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). Sat 5 Nov: New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Günther Wich. Soloist: Ronald Turini, piano. 7.45

ODEON CINEMA, Swiss Cottage, NW3 (PRI 3424). Sun 6 Nov: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Harold Farberman. Soloist: Elaine Skorodin, violin. 7.30

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 3 Nov: SIEGFRIED, Wagner. Conductor: Solti. Principals: Shuard, Vaughan, Guy, Parly, Lanigan, Hotter. 6.0
Sat 5 Nov: GOTTERDAMMERUNG, Wagner. Conductor: Solti. Principals: Shuard, Jones, Veasey, Hering, Shaw, Frick. 6.0

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). T 3 Nov: THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, Mozart. Conductor: Bernardi. Principals: Curphey, Gale, Neville, Tinsley, Egerton, Gray, Kitchiner, Cameron, Stannard. (Last performance) 7.30
F 4 Nov: FIDELIO, Beethoven. Conductor: Braithwaite. Principals: Johnston, Fretwell, Kane, Remedios, McIntyre, Dean, Garrard. (Last performance) 7.30
Sat 5 Nov: GLORIANA, Britten. Conductor: Bernardi. Principals: Baldwin, Fisher, Vyvyan, Chapman, Gray, Wakefield, Bowman, Cameron, Garrard, McIntyre, Stannard. (Last performance) 7.30
T 8 Nov: THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, Stravinsky. Conductor: Balkwill. Principals: Thomson, Coates, Sinclair, Belcourt, Young, Herincx, Blackburn. (Revival) 7.30
W 9 Nov: SAMSON AND DELILAH, Saint-Säens. Conductor: Matheson. Principals: Howard, Dowd, Delaney, Bickerstaff, Singleton, Blackburn. 7.30

RECITALS

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 3 Nov: Marlene Fleet, piano. 7.30
F 4 Nov: Judit Meri, Helmut Hirschburger, one piano, four hands. 7.30
Sat 5 Nov: Hector Garcia, guitar. 3.0. Celia Mitchell, violin, Adela Kotowska, piano. 7.30
Sun 6 Nov: Detlef Kraus, piano. 3.0
M 7 Nov: Eugene Mancini, piano. 7.30
T 8 Nov: The Amadeus String Quartet, Marisa Robles, harp. 7.30
W 9 Nov: DIE WALKURE – extracts from the new recording introduced by Georg Solti and John Culshaw. 7.30

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191) Sun 6 Nov: Fou Ts'ong, piano. 3.0
M 7 Nov: Jacqueline du Pré, cello, Stephen Bishop, piano. 8.0
W 9 Nov: Arnold Richardson, organ. 5.55

FAIRFIELD HALL, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 3 Nov: Dr Gerald Hendrie, organ. 7.45
T 8 Nov: Bernard Walton Clarinet Trio, clarinet, violin, piano. 1.5

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sun 6 Nov: The Dekany String Quartet. Bela Dekany, violin, Lajos Balogh, violin, Ervin Schiffer, viola, Giörgy Schiffer, cello. 7.30

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, WC1 (CHA 8032). Sun 6 Nov: Derek Hammond-Stroud and Josephine Lee. 6.30

EPPING PARISH CHURCH. Th 3 Nov: New London Singers. Conductor: Donald James. 8.0

ST CLEMENT DANES, Strand, WC2. Th 3 Nov: Hampstead Parish Church Choir, Jaye Consort of Viols. Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. 8.0

ST GEORGE'S CHURCH, Bloomsbury, WC1. Sat 5 Nov: The Bloomsbury Singers. Conductor: John Poole. 8.0

BISHOPSGATE HALL, 230 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 2254). T 8 Nov: Eric Hill, guitar. 1.5

HOLY SEPULCHRE, Holborn Viaduct, EC4. W 9 Nov: Susan Hodges, soprano, David Ward, piano. 1.15

JAZZ/POPULAR

ROYAL ALBERT HALL. F 4 Nov: Tom Paxton and Judy Collins. 7.30 pm

STAR HOTEL, CROYDON. F 4 Nov: Alex Welsh and His Band

JEANETTA COCHRANE THEATRE. F 4 Nov: Stan Tracy Quartet. 10.30 pm

HAMMERSMITH ODEON. Sat 5 Nov: The Walker Brothers, Troggs, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich. 6.45 and 9 pm

EEL PIE ISLAND, Twickenham. Sat 5 Nov: Alan Elsdon's Jazz Band with Ed Hall

JEANETTA COCHRANE THEATRE. Sat 5 Nov: Indian Jazz Music. 10.30 pm

WIMBLEDON THEATRE. M 7 Nov: Jerry Lee Lewis. 7.30 pm

JAZZ SHOWS JAZZ CLUB, 100 Oxford Street. T 8 and W 9 Nov: Alan Elsdon's Jazz Band with Ed Hall

COMMENT

Looking back over the three hours of *Gloriana*, one recalls so many good things that it seems the opera must rank with Britten's best. Yet – while it obviously never deserved the 12-year oblivion from which Sadler's Wells have now rescued it – I am still far from sure that this is so. To start with, the Elizabeth-Essex story has an unreal air, as indeed do most dramas based on the period, or, for that matter, the historical facts of this brilliant, fantastic episode themselves.

This unreality may hardly be Britten's fault. But it does seem to have hindered him in developing the musical structure with that taut, single-minded assurance which marks *Peter Grimes* or *The Turn of the Screw*. The grandiose "public" scenes and the crucial private encounters, deliberately juxtaposed, tend to remain – even in so strong a production as this – only uneasily fused.

Precisely the same charge can be levelled against *Boris Godunov*, an accepted masterpiece. Perhaps it's all a question of familiarity.

In individual episodes, Britten's inspiration frequently rises to the heights. The updated madrigal style of the choral dances, the pungent orchestral commentary underpinning the political scenes, the delicious quartet for Essex, Mountjoy, and their ladies – a Brittenish equivalent of the *Faust* Garden Scene – are all splendid on their different planes.

Yet I can't escape the impression that the composer of *Grimes* and the *War Requiem* is not completely at home amid the splendours of State; a conclusion reinforced by the suddenly hard, earthy vitality of the "rabble" scene (another Boris likeness), which incidentally produced the best-articulated singing of the evening from Eric Stannard.

Certainly few reservations attach to the production itself. The Wells have done a very good job indeed. Producer Colin Graham handles his big forces fluidly and naturally; even the romping court dances come off. The all-purpose set, centred round an imposingly solid wooden gallery, seems just right, both in atmosphere and as practical stagecraft.

Ideally, one would like a younger, fresher voice in the taxing central role; but Sylvia Fisher's tremendous dignity and authority make Gloriana a credible focus for all that happens, and even survive the terribly hammy ending (ghosts and voices off). Mario Bernardi conducts with enthusiasm and understanding. Masterpiece or no, *Gloriana* is more than worth a visit.

richard last

BALLET

Stravinsky, of course, has always been something of a musical chameleon, an absorber of musical colours and patterns from nearby influences. **Jeu de Cartes**, perhaps more than most, shows this vividly. Even though Prokofiev's masterpiece, *Romeo and Juliet* (1935), was composed just a year before *Jeu de Cartes*, one cannot help but notice many passages in *Deal One* which one normally associates with Juliet. But they're all here – Verdi, Ravel, Weber, Papa Haydn, Tchaikovsky; while in *Deal Three* (and my ears *weren't* deceiving me) Stravinsky deeply inhales a direct melody from Rossini's *Barber*.

I'm not really complaining, though, for this is a delicious recording (Philips, SAL 3572, stereo) – certainly the best of the three now available – and Colin Davis's handling seems incredibly closer to the score than Stravinsky himself has so far achieved (but then, composers have never been the best judges of how their works should be played).

It now seems we're hardly likely to see another performance of the Royal Ballet's *Card Game*, with Anthony Dowell's menacing first entrance as the Joker in the *stringendo* passage, or Ann Jenner's scintillating cameo as the Two of Diamonds in *Deal Three*. So this recording is going to provide a first-class memento of a pretty good ballet that's no more.

Today, apparently, Spain can do no wrong: it's certainly big box-office when artists of the calibre of Antonio or José Greco stamp wildly into London's theatreland. And now here's an LP that can do no wrong for me: **Flamenco** (Decca, PFS 4101, stereo), with El Sali and his Ballet Espagnol. It breathes down your neck with atmosphere and emotion. I don't doubt that it was recorded in a studio – but recording engineer Arthur Lilley has certainly made it sound otherwise, cunning devil.

When the record "fades in" (a good effect, this) we are as if in the midst of a great Sevillian fiesta; you can hear the chink of plates as the spectators dig into their *paella*. There is applause and the *zapateado* goes berserk . . . but I don't think I heard a single *olé*; funny, isn't it, and this the genuine stuff. There's plenty of heel-work (*tacaneo*), castanets, guitar solos, and some gorgeously sultry wails from equally gorgeous Pila Cardoba.

But we can't have everything, and when we come to **Danzas Flamencas** (Brunswick, LAT 8076), with José Greco and Company, we experience almost everything that *Flamenco* isn't – it's recorded in Spain, yet it might have been recorded in my bathroom in Hemel Hempstead, so little does it conjure up any feeling for the Sevillian plains. Yet this is not to decry its undoubted qualities, for whereas El Sali's presentation is as of pure Andalusia, Greco's is more of a Festival Hall concert performance.

ian woodward

RICK DANE ON DISCS

The Beach Boys – Good Vibrations (Capitol). If proof were needed that the Beach Boys are the best group in the USA this is it. *Good Vibrations*, an extension of their *Pet Sounds* album, contains some interesting sound experiments. A fantastic record, this is the Beach Boys of today coupled with the use of their surfing harmony. Brian Wilson has masterminded a monster hit – offbeat, hypnotic. The Beach Boys, next to the Beatles, are the biggest force in Pop.

Gene Pitney – Just One Smile (Stateside). Time for Pitney to change his record format and attempt something new. Not as strong as his previous releases, but though lacking immediate impact it has a grow-on-you appeal.

The Supremes – You Keep Me Hanging On (Tamla Motown) Another compulsive belter from the Supremes with their follow-up to *You Can't Hurry Love*. Tremendous vocal performance from the girls – put over with the usual Tamla enthusiasm.

Thane Russall – Drop Everything And Run (CBS). A catchy record from a new name on the scene, and, with his second record, Thane (*above*) has a potential big hit.

Bobby Hebb – A Satisfied Mind (Philips). A love-song of infinite beauty, which is gently handled by Bobby. His unique talent is enhanced by the clever arrangement of the melody. A very good, intimately romantic number.

DISCOTHEQUE TEN

1 *Reach Out, I'll Be There* – Four Tops.
2 *Beauty Is Only Skin Deep* – The Temptations.
3 *I Said I Wasn't Gonna Tell Nobody* – Sam and Dave.
4 *Happy Feet* – Robert Parker.
5 *What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted* – Jimmy Ruffin.
6 *Secret Love* – Billy Stewart.
7 *Gonna Fix You Good (Every Time You're Bad)* – Little Anthony and The Imperials.
8 *Fannie Mae* – Mighty Sam.
9 *Oh How Happy* – Shades of Blue.
10 *Wrapping Paper* – The Cream.

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GALLERIES

In terms of art, the cinema probably doesn't know how good it can be – it just doesn't ask the right people. The term "art cinema" is used in an obviously derogative tone of voice, caused, I suspect, more by fear of the power of artistic integrity than of its financial inconsequence at the box office.

Amongst artists, I have found a pleasing consensus of opinion as to which films are of any artistic consequence. The films that the artists salute make up a special category that often runs counter to popular or critical opinion.

Such films need not be specifically on art (*Turner*, or *Mystery of Picasso*), nor about an artist (*Van Gogh*), nor making hey of a personal style (*Lautrec*). From these sort of films only the *Picasso* and Korda's early *Rembrandt* are remotely convincing, or show insight into creative activity.

Nor, of course, would they be films that tart themselves up with a bit of art; nor those that pretend to a superiority by sending art up – those are too late, great art sends itself up first, great camp is in earnest, not in mockery – nor films with breathtaking, wish-you-were-here environments, if that is all they have to offer. Nor, embarrassingly, those films which conspicuously try to be intelligent and symbolic (*The Red Desert* was undermined by its own publicity). They need not be in colour.

Designs for English Sculpture (1680-1860) is to be a new special exhibition at the V&A.

All good films have unity of vision: what the artist-as-viewer especially applauds is a unity that is principally conveyed to the eye. The drama, motivation, the pace, whatever you like to call it, while looking instinctive, must be imaginative and precise in its visual terms. The mind is informed by the eye, certainly, but, more important, the eye is informed by the mind. The film should have that hardness and toughness to make the proverbial businessman tired.

Resnais' *Muriel* has it. An underrated film, it exemplifies more virtues than most and is the more impressive for not being a romantic film with sympathetic characters. It is optically beautiful all through, with a strange underdeveloped tonality, but it grips the senses tightly. For example, the central character, a woman antique dealer, can be *seen* to be still not at home in her own flat after two years. We know so much more about her because we are compelled to watch her embarrassment rather than listen to her excuses.

keith sutton

Left: Maquette for "Monitor" by Lynn Chadwick at New London Gallery. Right: "Young Lady at Ball at Buckingham Palace, 1852," by Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, at Maas Gallery.

OPENING

IVOR ABRAHAMS, MICHAEL CHILTON, MICHAEL SANDLE, Grabowski, 84, Sloane Avenue, London, SW3. KEN 1868. Abrahams – sculpture; Chilton and Sandle – constructions. 4 Nov-4 Dec. Daily 10-6

ARTS COUNCIL, 4 St James Square, SW1. WHI 9737. Six Swedish painters. 11 Nov-10 Dec. M-Sat 10-6, T and Th 10-8

JAMES DIXON, Portal, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. Naïve painter: 78-year-old fisherman from the Isle of Tory, Ireland

GROSVENOR, 28/30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Christmas Exhibition Part I – under £200. 3-26 November. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

HEATHFIELD, WAKEFIELD, HILLER, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Paintings. 7-26 Nov. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

LADISLAS KARDOS AND GEORGE PRECA, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, W8. WES 1852. First solo shows in London of Canadian and Maltese artists. 3-27 Nov. M-Sat 10-5.30, Th 10-9, Sun 2.30-6

LEFEVRE, 30 Bruton Street, W1. MAY 2250. Mixed French painters. 10 Nov-17 Dec. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

GIAN PISTOJE, Newburgh, 26 Kingly Street, W1. REG 8308. Cathedrals and churches. 9-29 Nov. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

JEFFREY STEELE, McRoberts and Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Optical paintings. 8 Nov-3 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

FRANK STELLA, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Paintings and drawings by US optical painter. 11 Nov-3 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

KIT BARKER, Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Paintings. Until 26 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MAX BILL, Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Paintings and sculpture. Until 22 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

LYNN CHADWICK, Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Recent sculpture. Until 12 Nov. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

ANTONY DONALDSON, Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, W1. BEL 3490. Until 1 Dec. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

ALFRED DUNN, Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. Reliefs, structures, prints, paintings – in fact, a bit of everything. Until 26 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

GIMPEL FILS, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Homage to René Gimpel: an exhibition of various items connected with René Gimpel, including letters from Renoir, Monet, etc. Until 26 Nov. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

JOHN GOLDING AND CHARLES PERRY, Axiom, 79 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W1. HYD 6646. Painting and sculpture. Until 30 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

DEREK HEDGECOCK AND CHESTER WILLIAMS, Drian, 5-7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Paintings. Until 18 Nov. Daily 10-6

HEIM GALLERY, 59 Jermyn Street, SW1. HYD 0688. Winter exhibition: 40 paintings and sculptures from the Gallery's collection, including some major Spanish works. Until 21 Dec. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

DEREK HYATT, New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. VEL 5844. Recent paintings. Until 12 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Five young artists: Ann Clarke, Tom Edmonds, Bruce McLean, Barry Martin, John Whitaker. Also Pravoslav Sovlak in library – graphics. Until 3 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BRIAN KOETSER, 38 Duke Street, St James, SW1. WHI 6309. Dutch, Flemish and Italian Old Master paintings. Until 16 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

LASSON, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1. MAY 6981. Old Masters of 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. Until 10 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10.30-1

MAAS, 15a Clifford Street, W1. REG 2302. Early English watercolours. Until 18 Nov. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

HENRI MANGUIN, Tooth and Sons, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Retrospective exhibition. Until 13 Nov. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

BOOKS

Edna O'Brien's admirers will welcome her fifth novel, out this week, *Casualties of Peace* (Jonathan Cape, 21s). It is the story of Willa, a sculptress in glass, who retreats from reality behind the lives of her two servants, and dreams of being murdered. It is about real and imagined suffering, sadism and accidental tragedy. Miss O'Brien invents her exact, evocative titles herself – this one she saw in a book of postage stamps with an appeal for the blind. Of the story she says: "I suppose it is just roughly the way a lot of people's days are, a complete muddle and disaster. It is sad, but there's no attention drawn to sadness, perhaps because I feel a basic lack of differentiation between what is sad and what is not. I personally feel now that tragedy is an accident, so sadness becomes almost an accessory.

"One feels such guilt and enormous shame for not having been in a war, or a flood, or one of the disasters of history. But, if there is a great abiding fear in someone, their sense of judgment is so thwarted that they can be as frightened by a wrong telephone call in the middle of the night as by an air raid siren."

Archetypal heroines

Of her sensitive, perceptive, archetypal heroines she says: "They're all alike really. Willa is Kate (of *Girls in Their Married Bliss*), but in a more developed way. A line or a moment of one book can become the next book. They're all obsessively self-accusing, making the mistake of analysing themselves and others too much."

This is her first book to be told from the point of view of two male characters as well as from the point of view of two women. She feels that for the first time the men are as much part of the story, that "their fallibility and their passions are just as evident, and they leave one with the same kind of residue."

Miss O'Brien, very self-critical, has just re-written her last novel for publication by Penguins next year; she says she found it too shrill. She is apprehensive about publication of the new novel. "It's not that you want praise. You yourself know how tiny it is, but you also know *what* it is. I write the way people take deep breaths, quite without thought of people reading it. And publishing is like being lifted out of sleep and finding yourself at a large party you didn't intend to go to. . . ."

Now she is writing what she swears will be her last novel – its title: *Paradise*. But apparently her characters are not contented. "They go berserk," she declares.

carole d'albiac

Edna O'Brien (above) vows that her next novel, her sixth, will be her last. Its characters "go berserk," she says.

NOVELS

THE LAST POOR MAN by Edward Hyams. The story of a rural housing experiment in Kent. One man, a peasant, rough, illiterate and inarticulate, opposes the government and the whole machinery of the modern state. His story is told by a photographer. Published by Longmans, 7 November, 21s

BAROMETER MAN by John Vaizey. Lighthearted story of plotting and manoeuvres in Cambridge University life. A first novel by a professor of economics, who was at Cambridge. Published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 3 November, 21s

TRAWL by B S Johnson. A man on a trawler, wracked by seasickness, tries in isolation to understand his childhood, his love affairs, his sensitivity to class warfare. Between prose and poetry, written to reflect the workings of the mind and the rhythms of the sea. Published by Secker and Warburg, 7 November, 27s 6d

THE GOLDEN KISS by Anthony Carson. A sequel to "The Adventures of Mr Quick," this is a surrealist Soho saga of a bank clerk who dabbles in black magic; a magician, tax officials, crooks and cranks, a girl with long yellow hair. Published by Methuen, 3 November, 21s

GENERAL

THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART by Fred Goerner. Amelia Earhart, the first woman to fly the North Atlantic, disappeared in 1937. Six years of research into her disappearance has convinced the author that she was not "lost at sea" but was on a spy mission for the US Government and was captured by the Japanese. This is the chronological story of his investigations. Published by Bodley Head, 3 November, 30s

THE PARNELL TRAGEDY by Jules Abels. First complete biography for some years of the brilliant Irish politician, the only hope for Home Rule without rebellion, whom Gladstone called "the most remarkable man I ever met," and whose career was ruined by his love affair with Kitty O'Shea. Published by Bodley Head, 3 November, 42s

SATAN'S CHILDREN by Judge Gerald Sparrow. An international lawyer, barrister and judge considers "the scope and horror of compulsive perversion," as revealed in the Moor Murders trial of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley. The whole question of insanity, the difficulties of definition and the reform of the law, which seems to lag behind public opinion, is examined in detail. Published by Odhams, 7 November, 21s

NEW PAPERBACKS

KENNEDY by Theodore C Sorensen. Pan, 12s 6d

LIFE WITH PICASSO by François Gilot and Carlton Lake. Penguin Books, 7s 6d

THE PENGUIN JOHN LENNON, written and drawn by John Lennon. 7s 6d

TALKING TO WOMEN by Nell Dunn. Pan, 3s 6d

THE SOUND OF THUNDER by Taylor Caldwell. Fontana, 6s

A PROLOGUE TO LOVE by Taylor Caldwell. Fontana, 6s

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON by Ernest Hemingway. Penguin, 7s 6d

CORRIDORS OF POWER by C P Snow. Penguin, 6s

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GOOD EATING

A week of gourmandism, if not gluttony, confronts us at the Diplomat, the very plush Mayfair pad I was going on about a few weeks ago. Pottersman, for one, expects to eat there twice. From November 7 to 12 one of the great restaurants of Paris will be moving into number 20 Mount Street – the Grand Vefour, still run by M Raymond Oliver whose family founded the place in 1760.

And what is the Grand Vefour? Above all, it is a kind of gastronomic shrine. M Oliver spends much of his time (when not cooking on French TV, that is) researching, reviving great old dishes, creating great new recipes. His *sommelier*, M Henocq, at 82, is among the foremost wine experts in Europe.

Actually, what I hear about Henocq is rather intimidating. On his own ground he invariably refuses to show customers a wine list. "What are you eating?" he hectors them. "Suppose I give you a wine list, would you know what to choose?"

Budapest-born Leslie Oblath, who runs the Diplomat, invited Oliver to inspect it before agreeing terms, and took his own chef, M Charles Beaufort (born in the Macon district), to Paris, where he dissected Grand Vefour's bits and pieces.

Specialities

Among the Grand Vefour specialities: fresh *pâté d'oie* – "fabulous," says Leslie Oblath. "I had to walk for three hours after having it for lunch"; *coulibiac de saumon Colette* – a pie with rice, mushrooms, salmon, seasonings, herbs, all in a brioche pastry; *sole Duc de Chartres* – braised in champagne, taken off the bone, and the four fillets then interlarded with a *purée* of mushrooms; and *pigeon de Prince Rainier III*, stuffed with heart, liver, minced pork and veal. Carry me home, darlings, carry me home.

I've been having a pretty luxurious week all round. Monday at Kettners was great fun – especially when lunch companion Anthony Blond asked Alfredo, the head waiter (he comes from the same North Italy village as Leoni). if he remembered what Blond had had for lunch two weeks earlier. Alfredo pondered. "Not venison, no," he muttered. "The young lady who was with you – she had venison. You started with *quenelles* – hein? And then you wanted *côté de boeuf roti*."

So pleased

Blond beamed encouragingly, adding, "I can't remember what I had." Alfredo said, "And you *had* the beef. Am I right?" He was. And he was so pleased at being right, that he gave us each a Kettners ashtray for a present.

Tuesday was Boulestin day. A millionaire I know was lunching across the room that day, so I seem to be moving in the right circles. Curious how the Boulestin was founded some 40 years ago as a *cosy* restaurant. It was pink in those days, but the patina of countless lunches, dinners and cigars has turned the walls and ceiling a streaky brown.

Wednesday was Carrier day. "Hallo," cried Bob. "Hi," we cried. "Drinks are on the house today," he twinkled, "because I'm behind the bar and I don't know any of the prices." Booking is around a week ahead for dinner now – some dates are fixed right through November – though lunch is a little easier.

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

ANTOINE'S, French, 40 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 2817). Open Sun-Fri; closed Sat from 12-2.30 pm and 6-11 pm. Average bill for two, about £5. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30 am-3 pm, 5.30-11 pm (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Average bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001), and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 11 am-3 pm. Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

LA COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Open every day from 12-3 pm and 6 (Sundays 6.30) to 11.30 pm. Expect to pay about £4 for two. No credit cards

FUNG TSE YUAN, Chinese, 133 Wembley Park Road, Wembley (WEM 2391). Every day 11.30 am-3 pm and 6 pm-midnight. Three set menus at 25s, 30s and 35s, plus a number of celebrated set pieces. No credit cards, but LVs accepted

MIRABELLE, French, 56 Curzon Street, W1 (GRO 4636). Mon-Sat 1-3 and 7 onwards (last orders 11.15). Average bill for two £10. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

PARKES, International, 4 Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KEN 1390). Dinner only 7.30-11.30 pm. £3 for a four-course *table d'hôte* meal. You must book well in advance. No credit cards

SCOTT'S, English, 18-20 Coventry Street, W1 (GER 7175). Dinner 6-11 pm. The fish dishes are probably best. Wines from 20s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

VEERASWAMY'S, Indian, 99 Regent Street, W1 (REG 1401/3). Dinner 6-12 pm (Sunday 7-10.30 pm). Set lunch 18s 6d; set dinner 21s, and a brief list of *à la carte* main dishes costing up to about 17s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Average bill for two £5-£6. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

AROUND TOWN

BOULESTIN, 25 Southampton Street, WC2 (TEM 7061). Lunch is served Monday to Friday from 12.30 – last orders at 1.45. Dinner from Monday to Saturday from 6 pm – last orders at 10.45. These relatively early last-order times indicate how serious the Boulestin is about food, and the late X M Boulestin's foreword to the wine list – about the three *temps* of wine – sustains the mood. On the whole I would describe the food here as majestic, but the atmosphere as relatively informal. I think the onion soup (a house speciality) may sometimes be preferred to the *Vichyssoise*. I certainly recommend their *piperade*, either as *hors d'œuvre* or main course. I also prefer their liver and bacon (very good) to the venison. From tasters' reactions the plain *caneton Normand* is less appealing than the pineapple-sauced *caneton Florida*. Sweets: all very good. If you can plan ahead, it's worth ordering their specialities, which require 24 hours' notice – among them *faisan majestic, civet de homard du Bon Moine, chateaubriand perigordine truffe*. These may well help to up your bill from the £6 or £7 for-two average, and some are really dishes for four. Wine: I was disappointed by the carafe of claret, and recommend a discussion with the wine waiter. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

CARRIER'S, 2 Camden Passage, The Angel, N1 (CAN 5353). Lunch from Tuesday to Saturday from 12.30 to 3 and dinner Monday to Saturday from 7.30 to 11.30 (last order times given). Very good food, and as Said, that awfully charming Egyptian *maître d'hotel*, says, Mr Carrier "imposes it upon you." Lunch is a four-course *table d'hôte* at £2 a head. Dinner is likewise at £2 10s a head. We had, for lunch, simply melting dishes, one after the other: *brandade* of smoked trout; a kind of smoked salmon *quiche*; turkey stuffed with turkey upon a bed of rice. Clever old Carrier is getting journalist friends to grow fresh herbs for him, which should mean things like tarragon and basil all winter. Wine in carafes seems fine, 15s 6d each. No credit cards

KETTNER'S, Romilly Street, W1 (GER 3437). Open every day of the week: lunch noon to 2.45 (Sundays 12.30 to 2.45) and dinner 6 pm to 11.40 pm (Sundays 7 pm to 10.40 pm), latter times all being last-order times, though wining and so forth goes on rather longer. Auguste Kettner, *chef des cuisines de Napoleon III*, founded this *maison* in 1867, and though now the Monnickendams are out (the *escargot* is still theirs, I believe) and De Vere Hotels are in, life proceeds smoothly, elegantly, benignly, under the same manager. Leftish-wing journalists like the place, and so do MPs and film men. They do *plats du jour* – though one waiter did not know what sauce Choron was; still, trying to be helpful, he did make a stab at it! – and also *plats du semaine*. There is also a family lunch on Saturdays and Sundays at 25s a head – children under 10 are half-price. A large menu, with all sorts of things – only ginger and cream seems to have struck one taster as too much of a good thing. Wine list includes a very interesting Swiss wine – Fendant de Sion, at 24s. Bill for two: around £5. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

NIGHT OUT AND BEST BARS

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ANTONIO'S SPANISH RESTAURANT (TEM 7911), 3 Long Acre. 6 pm-3 am. Cabaret between 8.30 pm and midnight (currently El Tuto). Dinner about 25s

EDMUNDO ROS CLUB (REG 7675), 177 Regent Street. 8.30 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret 10.30 pm and 1 am. Membership 21s. Dinner about £2. Dancing to two orchestras

EVE (REG 0879), 189 Regent Street. 9 pm-4 am. Entrance fee 30s. Membership 21s. Floor-show in two parts at 10.30 pm and 1 am. *A la carte* menu about £2 10s

L'HIRONDELLE (REG 0362), Swallow Street, Piccadilly. 7 pm-4 am. Floor-show at 10.30 pm and 1.30 am. Dinner, dance and show. 55s (Sat £3). Dancing, two bands

PIGALLE (REG 6423), 190 Piccadilly. 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Floor-show (currently: Maggy Sarragne). Mon-Sat: Dinner, dance and show 57s 6d plus wine. Mon-Fri: Supper, dance and show 30s. Dancing to two orchestras

POOR MILLIONAIRE (BIS 3311), 158 Bishopsgate. 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Cabaret 9.30 pm. Dinner, dance and show 2 gns. (Sat: 2½ gns.) Service charge

SAVOY RESTAURANT (TEM 4343), Strand. 8 pm-2 am. Carbaret at midnight. (Currently: Mac Ronay.) Dinner, dance and cabaret 52s 6d, plus coffee and wine

TALK OF THE TOWN (REG 5051), Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square. Restaurant 8.15 pm to 1.15 am. Revue 9.30 pm. Cabaret 11 pm. (Currently: Frankie Vaughan.) Dinner, dance and show Mon-Fri 59s 6d, Sat 65s, plus coffee, drinks and tips

DINNER & DANCE

FIFTY FIVE BAR AND RESTAURANT (GRO 1169 and HYD 2011), 55 Jermyn Street. 5.30 pm-3.30 am. Closed Sun. Cover charge. Dinner about £2 plus wine. Dancing to trio from 9.30 pm

GATTOPARDO (WEL 4689), 29a James Street. Midday-3 pm lunch, about 30s. 7 pm-3 am dinner, about 50s inc. Closed Sun. Licensed. Dancing to 3 am

LA PALOMA (BAY 1910), 103 Westbourne Grove. 8 pm till midnight. Closed Mon. Membership 15s men, 7s 6d ladies. Entrance fee. Dinner about 15s plus wine. Dancing to live groups

ROOF RESTAURANT (HYD 8000), Hilton Hotel, Park Lane. Bar 5.30-11 pm (Mon-Sat); 7-10.30 pm (Sun). Restaurant 7 pm-1 am (closed Sun). £3-£4 inc. Dancing to Judd Solo and his Band

ROYAL GARDEN HOTEL (WES 8000), Kensington High Street. Royal Roof Restaurant. Cocktails 6.30 pm. Dinner 7.30 pm-1 am. Closed Sun. About £4. Three-piece band and Royal Roof Strings

71 CLUB (MAI 6849), 71 Compayne Gardens, NW6. 7.30 pm-1 am. Membership 2 gns. Entrance fee. Snacks. Dancing to resident trio and discs

TIBERIO (MAY 3561), 22 Queen Street. 7 pm-3 am. Cover charge. About 65s a head plus wine. Dancing to Olavo Vas and his group

VILLA DEI CESARI (TAT 7453 and VIC 9872), 135 Grosvenor Road. 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Closed Mon. About £2 10s-£3 inc. Two bands

GAMING

BLENHEIM (HYD 2071), 4 Blenheim Street. Midday-3 pm, 5.30-11 pm. Membership 21s. Poker (Wed and Fri after bar closes)

CHARLIE CHESTER CASINO (GER 7045), 12 Archer Street. Open 24 hours. Life membership 2 gns. Blackjack, Las Vegas dice and roulette. Licensed night club.

GOLDEN NUGGET (REG 6211), 32 Shaftesbury Avenue. 6 pm until last member leaves. Membership 21s. Roulette, blackjack, kalooki, dice, chemin de fer, poker, baccarat, pontoon. Restaurant and bar

HAMILTON CLUB (GRO 2591), 2 Hamilton Place. Open all the time. Membership 8 gns. Bridge and poker. Restaurant and bar

MAZURKA (GER 3547), 4 Denman Street. 9 pm till end of play. Membership 10s 6d. Blackjack, poker, roulette and craps. Sandwiches, Normal licensing hours

NEW CASANOVA (MAY 1463), 52 Grosvenor Street. Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 gns. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette, chemin de fer, craps. Restaurant and bar

PAIR OF SHOES (HYD 1801), 21 Hertford Street. Gaming starts 10 pm. Membership (temporarily closed) 10 gns. Craps, blackjack and roulette. Restaurant, bar

RIVER CLUB CASINO (VIC 1621), 129 Grosvenor Road. Bar closes about 12.30 am. Gambling starts around 9 pm. Last dinner served 1 am. Annual membership 8 gns; 2 gns temporary. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps and chemin de fer

DISCOTHEQUES

BLAISE'S (KEN 6228), 121 Queen's Gate. 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 gns. Entrance fee. *A la carte* from 17s 6d. Different live group every night. Gaming

CHALET SUISSE (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626), 74 Charlotte Street. 8 pm-2 am. Membership 21s. Entrance fee. Dinner about £1. Resident Trio. Gaming

CLUB EUROPA (HAM 5437), 251 Finchley Road. 8 pm-midnight or later. Membership 15s. Entrance fee. Food 10s-15s. Licensed to midnight

DOLLY'S (GRO 5927), 57 Jermyn Street. 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. Membership 5 gns. Cover charge. Grills

EARL'S CAVE (FRO 1999), 97 Earls Court Road. 8 pm-1 am or later. Membership 15s. Entrance fee. Light meals. Gaming

FLAMINGO (GER 1549), 33/37 Wardour Street. Tues, Wed, Thurs: 8-11 pm. Fri and Sat: 8-11 pm and midnight-5 am. Sun: 8-11 pm. Closed Mon. Top rhythm and blues, pop and US artists. Membership. Entrance fee. Unlicensed

DIE FLEDERMAUS (REG 5741), 7 Carlisle Street. 8 pm-3 am. Membership £1 men, 10s girls. Entrance fee. Resident Trio

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES (TRA 6109), 13 Masons Yard, Duke Street. 10 pm-4 am. Membership 5 gns. Entrance fee for guests. Grills about £1. Resident groups. Until Sat: Loose Ends

SIBYLLA'S (REG 7447), 9 Swallow Street. 10.30 pm-4 am. Members only. Cover charge. Live groups every night

MOONEY'S, 395 Strand, WC2. A long, long bar, just under half the length of a football pitch. A real pub, with heavy marble-topped bar, wonderfully laconic barman, and Irish service and atmosphere. The draught Guinness is recommended. Drink a while and observe a passing parade of characters. But it is *such* a long walk if one wishes to use facilities

NELSON BAR AND GRILL, Craven Street, WC2. The one time plushness is fading now, but still a cosy spot to linger in. Large lounge, with banquette seating and tables and speedy attention from waiters and barmen. After several drinks, you may find a meal in the grill room acceptable. Useful place to remember, if shopping in or near the Strand

HORSE AND GROOM, Kinnerton Street, SW1. Smallish and very swinging place, in a delightful street, and frequented by delightful people. Lovely girls, elegant – but not chinless – men, and that very special atmosphere that abounds in Belgravia. Service impeccable

PHOENIX, 37 Cavendish Square, W1. Newish, and one large bar on the ground floor. Down below, in a large basement area, there is the most incredible discothèque, which is invariably packed with dancers in their late teens. Reproductions of Renoir, Rembrandt, Goya and Belotto grace the walls, as the place jumps to the latest discs

GUNMAKERS ARMS, Little Eyre Hill, WC1. A good little pub, where you would almost think you were in the country, despite the tenements and warehouses around. Plain wooden walls. Excellent beer, filling sandwiches, and nothing is too much trouble for the landlord

BULL AND BUSH, North End Way, NW3. Shades of Florrie Ford, and what the old song is all about. The history of the pub goes back to 1645, when it was a farmhouse. At different times, it was the "local" for authors like Keats, Shelley, Lamb and Dickens. And rumour has it that Charles II met Nell Gwyn there. But maybe that's just another saloon bar story

COCK AND LION, 62 Wigmore Street, W1. Warm atmosphere place, with nicely pitched touches of sophisticated comfort. Service, drink and food excellent, and it is heavily patronised by television, showbiz and sporting personalities

HAND AND FLOWER, 1 Hammersmith Road, W14. If you ever look in at any of the many exhibitions at Olympia, you'll find this a haven for food and drink after hours spent tramping round the stands. It's just across the street. They're accustomed to coping with crowds, and the service is instant

COCKTAIL TIME

BLUE ANGEL BAR, Blue Angel Club, Berkeley Street, W1. Open from 6.30 pm, and an ideal place for pre-dinner drinks, if one is spending the evening in or around Mayfair. Although in a night-club, prices are not much higher than in an ordinary bar. Tim Connor plays guitar and sings for discriminating listeners

COCKTAIL BAR, Berkeley Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1. As befits the restrained sumptuousness of the hotel, this offers near-plush drinking with dignity and deep-seated comfort. Ideal place for aperitif time before lunching or dining

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The Hamlet: a new style in living

The Hamlet town house development in Camberwell is progressing. Centred on a garden square at Champion Hill, SE15, it will have 32 houses when completed. Twenty-five houses are already finished, and 17 have been sold. A firm of landscape gardeners is working on the central garden reservation. By 8 November, 14 of the houses should be occupied.

The agents, Taylor Rose, 45 Wigmore Street, W1, say: "We are confident that The Hamlet represents a new style in living in this part of South London. Most of the purchasers are young, professional and design-conscious people."

The development has been planned as a small, self-contained enclave, and has been pioneered by developers who believe the Denmark Hill area of Camberwell has a great residential potential.

The area is accessible to the West End and the City. It is only 12 minutes from Denmark Hill station to Victoria or London Bridge. There are five types of houses offered for sale. All cost over £9,000.

Mountains

A nine-roomed house called Mountains, situated in a pleasant part of Essex, is for sale at an asking price of £21,500 freehold. It was formerly part of the 515 acres Mountains Estate, at Great Totham, near Witham. The gardens and grounds extend to about 25 acres, and include an eight-acre paddock and a small softwood plantation. Accommodation comprises entrance hall, two reception rooms, study, six bedrooms and three bathrooms. There is oil-fired central heating. London is 44 miles away (Chelmsford to Liverpool Street 35 minutes. Agents: Strutt & Parker, Lofts & Warner, 41 Berkeley Square, W1, and Coval Hall, Chelmsford.

● A maisonette on the fourth and fifth floors of 39 South Street, Mayfair, is available for renting through Chesterton & Sons, 116 Kensington High Street, W8. It has two reception rooms, two bedrooms, two bathrooms and a kitchen, and there is a dining room and roof terrace. Rent is £900 a year exclusive, with a lease running until June 1982.

The same agents also have Flat 7, 16 Airlie Gardens, Kensington, on their list. It comprises two reception rooms, three bedrooms, two bathrooms, kitchen, etc. Rent is £775 a year, plus current service charge of £130 a year. Fixtures and fittings: £2,750.

john mcleod

Above: Cobbolds Mill, Monks Eleigh, Sussex, for sale at £23,000 through Hillier Parker May and Rowden. Below left: part of The Hamlet town house development in Camberwell. Right: Sypsies, Mayfield, Sussex, part of which is 500 years old. For sale at £25,000, through Alfred Savill and Sons.

SALEROOMS

THURSDAY 3 NOVEMBER

Antique and modern furniture, important old and modern pictures. 11.0. Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries

French and Continental furniture, including a Marquetry *bureau plat* in the Louis XVI style and an early Louis XV Kingwood kneehole writing desk. 11.0. Christie's

English and Continental silver and plate. 11.0. Old Master engravings, etchings and woodcuts, including works by Albrecht Dürer and Giovanni Gallo. 2.30. Sotheby's

FRIDAY 4 NOVEMBER

Veteran, Edwardian and vintage cars, veteran bicycles, early motor-cycles, veteran and vintage lamps. The most outstanding car is a 1901 De Dion Bouton 4½ hp double phaeton, and there are two Rolls-Royce Silver Ghosts. 11.0 and 2.30. Sotheby's, Earls Court Hall

Modern British drawings, paintings and sculpture. Among the sculpture is Sir Jacob Epstein's head of Paul Robeson. The paintings include works by Sir Alfred Munnings, paintings by Sir John Lavery, Philip Steer, Sir Stanley Spencer, Graham Sutherland and *The Coast Near Antibes* by Sir Winston Churchill. 11.0. Christie's

MONDAY 7 NOVEMBER

English and Continental porcelain and pottery. An Adams blue and white pottery dinner service made at the Greengates factory, c 1810, is among the items for sale. 11.0. Christie's

Arms and armour, and books and manuscripts (continued next day). 11.0. Sotheby's

TUESDAY 8 NOVEMBER

Continental porcelain. The most outstanding article is a superb Meissen figure, *The Frightened Harlequin*, from the Italian comedy, modelled by J J Kaendler. A figure of similar quality from the Fribourg collection was sold in 1963 for £9,000. 11.0. Sotheby's

Watches and mathematical instruments, mainly Islamic. Among the watches is a gold watch and chatelaine signed "Wm. Mason, London 266," and a very pretty gold watch, unsigned, with cylinder escapement and white enamel dial, in vari-coloured gold case decorated with foliage and turquoises. 11.0. Christie's

Household furniture, curtains, carpets and miscellanea. 11.0. Bonham & Sons, Old Chelsea Galleries

WEDNESDAY 9 NOVEMBER

Fine old English silver, which includes a George III composite tea-service of Adam design. Also among the collections is a rare George III tea-and-coffee service by John Schofield. 11.0. Christie's

Old Master paintings. 11.0. And benefit sale of books and manuscripts. 9.15 pm. Sotheby's

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – two or three days before

Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161), and Old Chelsea Galleries, 75-81 Burnaby Street, SW10 (FLA 0460) – one or two days before

Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before. The cars are on show at Earls Court, W 2 and Th 3 Nov: 9.0-7.0

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL *continued*

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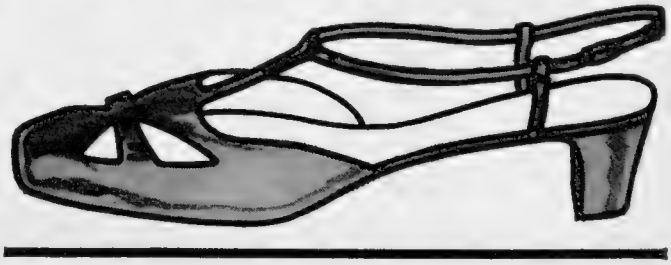

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London Letters

Beware of the jam

The column I always read in your magazine is *Jam Tomorrow*. Against my will, I spend more time sitting in my motorcar than I do standing on my feet. My destinations are always varied, and from day to day, when I have found myself in a jam, I have regretted not investigating first. I have learnt the hard way that there are sources of information such as yours where I can learn and be warned in advance. Thank you, *London Life*, for your service. PS – I am not a taxi-driver! **Jeremy Wood, Queensgate, SW7.**

Bullfighting

Englishmen know nothing about the sacred art of bullfighting. I am sick and tired of hearing people say how cruel it is. The bull, after all, is bred for fighting; he only rises to his full glory when he is confronted with a struggle to the death. The *torero* also faces great peril when he stands in the ring. He has no natural defences, so he has to use his intelligence to invent artificial weapons. If he conquers most times it is because he is the King of Creation. The bullfight presents the whole pattern of nature in miniature. Frankly, when I heard about the International Council against Bullfighting, I just had to laugh. Why don't you all stick to screaming about foxes? It's a more treacherous sport, and *much* more suited to England. **Rogelio Martinez, Cadiz, Spain.**

Teenagers

One of the most contradictory terms of our time is that of the "teenager." It is used quite wildly – in fact, some people include anybody in this group who seems a bit strange, from the age of 12 up. Actually, if you really seriously look into what is happening in the various age-groups, it is quite a shock to find that according to the trend of today you are old at 30. So, with a rather panicky feeling, I realise that my youth (15-20) has flown by, and at 21 I am fast heading for middle age – 25!

This is all most alarming, because, as people are definitely living much longer, what happens then? Well, thank goodness there is always a bright side to every problem, and the compensation in this case is that one is always given a second chance.

If one has not achieved one's ambition by 30, not to despair, because I think that at 50 you really know what you want out of life, and you are much more likely to achieve it the second time around. **Francesca Annis, Church Street, W8.**

Queue trouble

A traditional English queue was totally nonplussed in a Fleet Street sandwich bar last week. The queue formed, unquestioning, behind a girl, who several minutes later calmly announced to the row of hungry faces "I'm not the queue. I'm just waiting for somebody." Their ensuring bewilderment was a delight to watch. **Josephine Cunningham, London, SW3.**

Sport, please

Why don't we see more sports stories in your otherwise fine magazine? For spectacular pictures and controversial stories, sport surely takes a lot of beating. And it's certainly as much a part of London life as anything else. I, for one, would really love to read if modern sport is really run by the modern methods it deserves. **Geoff North, Thorpewood Avenue, SE23.**

Stagnant?

Coming from a city that is not as large as London, but more progressive, I notice how much more muddled, congested and stagnant London is. I feel that Londoners are living under a heavy thick black cloud which seems to filter in through the cracks in the old Victorian buildings and down the winding chimneys. The only life in London lies in its young people, although their way of life seems so artificial. **Alison Coulton, Johannesburg, South Africa.**

Cool?

The Beatles "have seized upon the sounds of the East to revivify the emasculated and repetitive sounds of the West" (*London Life*, 22 October). Why don't you follow their example and revivify the emasculated and repetitive vocabulary of the West? In your *Cool Couple* feature, the adjective "cool" and various derivatives thereof appeared well over 60 times. If you can scatter a word about this careless and imprecise fashion, is it worth promoting on such a grand scale? **Penny Vallans, Holland Villas Road, W14.**

It would seem that Roger Baker is a man possessed or obsessed with the cool living. He begins his feature with a clear-cut definition and then raises the word to monolithic proportions. This is journalism at its most unfluid and I should think a more apt term for Mr Baker's writing should be "freezing it." **John Kercher, Larkfield, Kent.**

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TELEVISION AND ABERFAN

★ I would like to express my disgust, through *London Life* at the incredible bad taste of many television reporters, never more clearly seen than last week when we saw so much of the terrible disaster in Aberfan. One particular incident I remember was on *24 Hours* when a reporter asked a little girl who had escaped from the disaster what she felt about her friends. The child was overcome and silent and her mother had to intervene to prevent the reporter upsetting her any more. Anne Bace, Sullivan Road, SW6.

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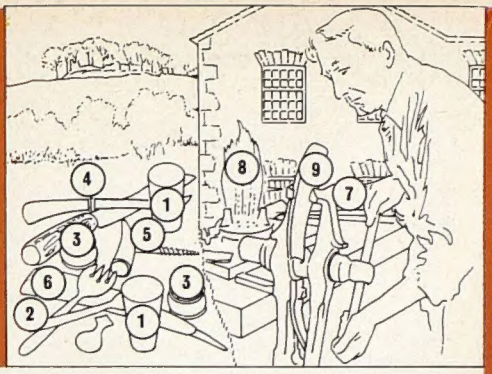

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